



THOMAS MENDHAM
M. G.





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M. G.



Mendham (Thomas)

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T H E

4431 d/6

Wonder Working Water-mill

DISPLAYED.

WITH ITS

Apparatus, Appurtenances, Appendages,
and Operations;

OR, THE

M I L L

TO GRIND OLD PEOPLE YOUNG;

Erected and Practised by the well known DOCTOR, the
learned philanthropic Friend of

FARMER HODGE.

However old or maimed don't despair,
Come forward, you may find relief when here;
Try but the operations of the mill
You'll own 'twas form'd by more than common skill.
The RECTOR.

NORWICH:

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M DCC XCI.



DEDICATION.

TO THE
HONEST AND UPRIGHT OF HEART
UNIVERSALLY,
AND TO THOSE WHO ARE POSSESSORS OF
Pure, undefiled Religion especially,

THE FOLLOWING

T R A C T

IS MOST DEVOUTLY DEDICATED, BY

THEIR SINCERE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



TREBLE PREFACE ;

(OR, THREE SPECIAL PREFACES)

The First by the RECTOR.

BROTHER MORTALS,

I Have both viewed, resided upon (and attended at many operations, indeed I have at sundry times delivered various Lectures at) the Wonder Working Mill—I look upon it to be a most useful piece of machinery—great numbers have experienced the unspeakable advantages derived from the rules, baths, pedestal, works and ways thereof—I esteem my learned friend the Doctor, who spares neither pains or purse to do good—My best advice and ready attendance may be depended upon, so long as I shall be able to attend, or advise at all—The said Mill is sincerely (and without hope or request of farther emolument here) recommended to all the sons of Adam; but especially to those, who being *grown old*, stand most in need of it.

I am, Brethren,

Your devoted and constant servant,
THE RECTOR.

The Second by the DOCTOR.

KINGS, PEERS, PLEBEIANS,

(GENTLEMEN) AND OTHERS.

THE practice of my predecessors for ages, and of myself for a long series of years, has been the *art of healing*; how far we have been successful it does not become me to say; let our numerous patients, who are of each sex, of all degrees, ages, and habits, speak for or censure us—my present province is to say, that for some time past I have turned my studies, in the healing art, principally to the cases and cures of those who are properly called *old*. The mill in question has been long erected—the honour has been too liberally imputed to me; it may be true; my fortunes (which are greater than my merits) have been employed for the purpose of carrying the operations of the mill into farther effect—I have also cheerfully given my attendance, advice, and assistance for the relief of the diseased; provided medicines, implements, and the like, mostly *without fee*; this part of my demeanour I learnt from the worthy Rector of our parish,

one,

one, who though obliged to live decently, (and well-entitled, if he so pleased, to live affluently) on the tithes *the law* of the land gives him, yet, he never burthens his parishioners by exacting the *full tenth*, but gives up his whole time and strength to serve them in present and future things, for a decent sufficiency; part of which he distributes cheerfully to the worthy poor. This, our Rector, who in himself seems to me and others, to be a *living body of practical Divinity*, divulged the main of those wise and beneficent maxims, by which I learned the construction and use of this astonishing mill—I not only recommend it to all my fellow creatures, who want (as most do) cure—especially to the *old* of every description; but I shall be ready, in concert with my *Rector* and neighbour Hodge (a good natured, plain, plodding farmer, from whose blunt hints, conceived in humorous language, I confess to have gathered some things both pleasing and profitable) I say, in concert with those and others to be met with at the mill, you will find, without fee,

Your willing Physician and Friend,

THE DOCTOR.

The Third by FARMER HODGE.

LOOK YE, NEIGHBOURS, AND
EVERY BODY,

YOU may take my word for it if you like, and the more to blame you if you do—come and try, especially old hobblers, like myself, come and try—I say, and I will say any where, I never saw such another mill (mind ye) in all the whole course of my life.

Witness my hand,

FARMER HODGE.

From my Farm-house, called, Highlands
Farm, December 21, 1790.

THE

Author's General Preface.

CANDID PERUSERS,

A Preface to this work is a compliment you will expect—it is one I ought to pay—accept this, and I will be thankful. By a Preface, I conceive, is generally understood—First, some account of the Author's motive for intruding himself in print upon the public—Secondly, A hint of the work itself—And, thirdly, An apology for the performance, so far as the characters of various classes of men may be involved.

As to motives, I should not know what to say, did not truth dictate—Three months ago I neither thought of a motive to write, or of writing this piece at all, how it came into my mind I know, and if you think the following unadorned, short, and artless relation, worth a cast of the eye, you will know.

a

I was

I was desired to attend a person of character and consequence on a matter of business—in obedience to that desire, on Saturday the eleventh of December last I rode for the Hall, in which that person resided—On approaching it, a thought passed my mind concerning “a Mill to grind old People young,” I felt some force in the idea, but at that time only reflected, that when young, I had seen a picture to the like purpose—I arrived at the hall, and was soon dismissed.

On my return, the thought frequently occurred with additional vigour; “a mill to grind old people young,” it seemed a thought strange and very extraordinary—However, I did not feel a strong desire to banish it, it dwelt upon my mind part of the next and the following day; I turned over the suggestion, and soon thought, something under that seemingly whimsical title might be wrote amusing and instructive; I began to marshall my thoughts, and not long after, at leisure hours, put them on paper—my motives for so doing was not to fill my pocket as an Author, but to try to do *good*; because, I consider *that* to be my duty as a christian,
having

(having received much good) and as a servant of that highly favoured community of which Providence has made me a member.

The work itself has a religious tendency, though, as to language (in various parts) it wears a humorous dress; if that be a fault it is mine. It would have been extremely easy to have put upon it a more solemn, or (to please some people) a starched garb—But I was led to dress it as it appears to the world, from an apprehension, that many busy men, would scarcely touch, much less peruse, a grave toned religious title or tract, if they found single sermonizing, without some relief at seasons, by the introductions of other matters of an inoffensive, yet sprightly and cheering cast—to gratify and lead such on from relations harmless and pleasing, to truths experimental and profitable, I am so far a conformist, as to have wrote sundry pages, which the rigid possessor of professors (who are more fond of affected fixed countenances, set forms and traditional decorum, than of experimental substances, true purity of heart and universal good will) will hold up as improper, perhaps prophane, frothy, or ridiculous;

Ious; to such I chuse at present only to say, here is not a sentence designed to offend them, therefore, if they cannot cordially approve, let them not rashly condemn—I never learned or intended to learn their peculiar creed, and if they are willing to grant me what they most eagerly and justly grasp for their mother's sons, (that is) liberty to think lawfully and speak freely—as I do not presume to censure them, they will not, it is hoped, venture to condemn me.

An apology is essentially necessary, as it is confessed, some *living characters* (without previous licence from such persons) are brought before the reader's eye—The best apology I can make is this—as to individuals, it may be better not to make applications; however, no fair one can be made—whoever fairly makes it, to the disadvantage of any character whatsoever, except such general ones as cry aloud for public, not to say universal avoidance or detestation, with regard to respective bodies of religious men, from a firm persuasion, that every sincere worshipper of God has a degree of charity, and that they all centre in this belief, “We must

must be prepared for before we can be admitted to Heaven," I have done them the justice that persuasion prompted, and have openly said so.

What it is to be ground young is sufficiently explained at the end of the work.

With the most ardent wishes for the present and future happiness of all, but especially of the attentive, benevolent, and christian readers,

I remain,

To the community generally,
and to them particularly,

a willing servant,

THOMAS MENDHAM.

Briston, near Holt, Norfolk,

Feb. 21, 1791.

A Description of the Mill itself, its
Apparatus, Appendages, Person-
ages, &c.

The *Father* and Creator.

The *Son* and Redeemer

The *Holy Ghost*, Sanctifier,

And the Chief Operator,

} Will be easily
understood

The Mill is the true Church of God
throughout the earth.

The Meadow—its name describes it, i. e.
Contemplation.

The River Reason—that noble faculty of
the soul, called reason.

The Rivulet—the Grace of God, which
brings salvation.

N. B. Both streams run through the true
Church, and agitate the main Wheel
—that is the Mind of Man.

The Hopper—a state of humiliation, which
all experience who are truly turned and
converted to God—frequently, when nigh
to light, they are surrounded by darkness
for a little season.

The Two Grinders—fear of destruction, mixed with hope of deliverance; whoever pass through these and are brought forth right, although before they might be like *old people*, yet, when ground, they become young, or in other words, new creatures.

Concave Mirror—the Penitent's looking-glass.

Convex Mirror—the Pharisee's looking-glass.

Plane Mirror—the true Gospel glass.

The Spout (or opening)—all pass through it the moment they become new.

The Pedestal, or Stool—true heart-felt repentance.

The Beam and Scales—the standards or balances of the Sanctuary found in the Scriptures.

Screens—interposing mercies, placed between the tried and the trials.

The Brushes—vigilant states of mind, by which old dirty practices are done away for ever.

The Wards—in the course of the work explain themselves.

The Baths—baptisms and divers washings.

The Rector—the Pastor of the church.

The

The Doctor—a Physician of fortune, who gives up his time, and part of his wealth in the cause of religion.

Hodge—a plain, blunt, honest farmer, who at first hesitated about, and rather opposed the *works of the mill*, but afterwards was willingly ground himself.

Hannah, Robert, Audrey, and Susan, his wife and children, early and secret converts—there are many others of the same class at the mill.

The Young Men and other people—these are sincere christians, who reside in God's Spiritual House—the *Church*.

The other characters will speak for themselves, and, therefore, need here no explanation.

By the Appendages, and country, without the Gate, is meant, the wicked and worldly-minded people, who forget God, and are strangers to the privileges real religion affords.

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CHAPTER IV

The second part of the chapter is devoted to a description of the various forms of the verb 'to have' in the different tenses and moods. It is shown that the verb 'to have' is the second most important verb in the English language, and that it is the only verb which is used in all the tenses and moods.

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The third part of the chapter is devoted to a description of the various forms of the verb 'to do' in the different tenses and moods. It is shown that the verb 'to do' is the third most important verb in the English language, and that it is the only verb which is used in all the tenses and moods.

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CHAPTER VII

The fifth part of the chapter is devoted to a description of the various forms of the verb 'to come' in the different tenses and moods. It is shown that the verb 'to come' is the fifth most important verb in the English language, and that it is the only verb which is used in all the tenses and moods.

T H E

Wonder Working Water-mill
DISPLAYED.

CHAPTER I,

A Description of the Mill—Its Situation—Appendages—Apparatus—Appurtenances—Attendants, &c. &c.

THIS salutary, medical and restorative Mill stands upon a delightful verdant meadow, whose grassy surface, like a velvet carpet, is ever green; the old inhabitants of the spot, in ancient days, called it the Meadow of Contemplation. Directly through this meadow runs a bountiful river, called, the River of Reason; near which flows in constant soothing murmurs, a clear pellucid rivulet, which often, not always, is received

B

into

into the bosom of the aforesaid river, it is called the Rivulet Celestial; both the river and rivulet run through the center of the mill, and agitate or turn the main wheel, with its salutary apparatus. Besides the wheel, the apparatus comprises the hopper, wide enough to contain more than are willing to enter it—the two grinders, between which the patients are tried and turned, or crushed and maimed, according as they are found prepared or insincere—the spout, or funnel, by which all those find a passage who endure the necessary trials—there is in the Mill likewise a seat, stool, or pedestal, which has this strange property, whoever gets upon it confesses voluntarily the faults and follies of his past life so long as he sits there—also a beam, a pair of scales, with sundry weights, by which the honesty, sincerity and hopeful sufficiency of those who are weighed may be ascertained—likewise a concave mirror, those who look into this see their crimes or virtues magnified—a convex mirror, here, every thing on the contrary appears less than they are—there is also a large and noble plane mirror, or looking-glass, in which all things appear as they are; moreover there are skreens,
brushes

brushes, and sundry other things not here to be particularized. The attendants are the Rector, the Doctor, Farmer Hodge, and sundry others, who will appear when the Mill shall be set a-going. Thus, thoughtful reader, you have been told of the meadow, the mill, the river, the rivulet, the main wheel, hopper, grinders, spout, seat, stool, or pedestal, beam, scales and weights, concave mirror, convex ditto, plane ditto, skreens, brushes and attendants.

N. B. If you are *old* and want grinding, try this mill, and, that the operations may end happily in your favour, is the hearty wish of your servant

The EDITOR.

But, a word of the Appendages before we end the Chapter.

By the appendages are meant, not *technically*, those things only that belong to, but those also that are near the Mill or the Meadow; those that belong to the Mill comprize sundry separate wards; as the wards set apart for oratory, trial, silence, watching, and other wards.

wards. There are the bathing rooms also, and a certain fountain belonging to the Mill; in these weak patients are often, if not always, strengthened, and enabled to act with power and effect. Those that are near, but do not belong to this special precinct, would take a volume to describe; we shall only say therefore, just beyond the bounds of this place, there are palaces of false pleasure, decorated mimic mounts, long avenues, arched gates, and wide gateways, broad ways, and crooked paths, where may be seen unmeaning promisers, tinsel grandees, false colours, apish modes, ridiculous customs, gay-coated beggars, fops, fools, fidlers, fortune-hunters, wine, women, wenches, and a thousand other things; and there your ears will be saluted, if not deafened, by prologues, composed of unmeaning compliments, silly play fibs, forged flatteries, rank reproaches, causeless caresses, and petty petitions; and your eyes may be enchanted or dazzled with ribbons, laced coats, furbelowed petty ditto, resin and cat-gut, wine, bumpers, and vestals; but, after the curtain drops, you'll have epilogues of pallad appetites, pilfered purses, palsied limbs, and horrid midnight, morning, or death-bed

death-bed reflections; from all which, those
 who pass through the Mill sincerely say
 GOOD LORD DELIVER US.

CHAPTER II.

Sundry occurrences and strange reports about the Mill—A few persons ventured to walk in the Meadow, they approached the Mill, passed through the operations, and became young—A feast on the occasion.

THE fame of the Mill, its ways and works, soon reached the ears of those who dwelt t'other side the borders; throngs, from time to time, approached the skirts of the Meadow, but were too shy to set foot upon it; they looked and went their ways, anon they returned and looked again, at length several ventured to come in at the gate that lay to the right, and almost instantly became serious and thoughtful;—they approached the river Reason—drank of its salutary streams—the Doctor, with the Rector, who kept a
 good

good look out, came together to discourse with them, and at the very time they were drinking large draughts of the waters of the river—the Rector pointed out the Rivulet, and assured them, though the River water was good, that of the Rivulet was infinitely better—he added, it is equally *free*—come taste, and see how good it is—they tasted, and found the flavour so excellent, that they earnestly ask for more, and had it; delighted with its comfortable qualities, they entered the Mill, with the Rector, Doctor and others who dwell on the spot, and who seeing them come forward went out to meet them; the new comers having walked far, and being weary, sit themselves down on the seat or pedestal that stands there, just by the front door, they instantly began to cry out—you would have been amazed to have heard them—one and all most bitterly lamented;—they acknowledged (to the CHIEF OPERATOR, *one* who was nigh and heard them) by what means they became feeble and *old*, they expressed the most alarming apprehensions, that notwithstanding the fame of the Mill, they certainly came there to be totally undone.—The kind Rector took from the
 archives

archives the records of the place—he read, and assured them, none ever were undone who patiently endured the operations of the Mill—The Doctor brought an emetic, which (thinking their case could not be worsted) they took, it operated powerfully, so afterwards he gave them a cordial—they were led to examine the main wheel, the hopper, the grinders, the funnel, beam, scales and weights, the glasses, brushes, and many other things—upon which they, with one consent, requested to be received; they were received, and after passing through the wards, proving the use of the three mirrors, and after having their linen well washed, and their garments brushed, they readily entered the hopper, passed between the grinders, and descended by the spout, so astonishingly altered, that, except their stature, (which continued the same) they appeared as young and as vigorous as those who boast their meridian of days, or full blown bloom of life; it would have been highly pleasing to have seen them, with the Rector, Doctor and dwellers at the Mill, how they triumphed together (Old Hodge was not there). It was determined upon to celebrate the event with a feast—
the

the feast was soon prepared, the whole company sit down; they eat such things as are the best, they drink (but only to comfort, not to intoxicate) the richest wine—When all the young men who had gone through the operations desired to drop their old and have new names; new names were given them, and before the company broke up one of the new named stood up and sung the following song:

Could the croud of unbelievers
 Tell the joys we taste of here,
 Soon they'd fly from you, deceivers,
 Join us and our comforts share.
 None so happy, none so peaceful,
 None so cheerfully can sing,
 As we men whose hearts all graceful,
 Flame with love unto our King.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER III.

The Young Men returned to their own country and families—They were derided and abused by some—Others, however, withdrew, and walked in the Meadow.

THE feast being over, these new comers said one to another, let us now return home to our families and friends, and bring along with us, when we return, such as are old and infirm, to embrace, as we have done, the benefits of the Mill; they, with hearty thanks to all the operators, especially to the *Chief*, returned, running, leaping, walking, singing, and telling the wonders they had found at the Mill; but their countrymen hooted them, and said, they were outlandish people, come from Satan's *dungeon*, or the *Peake*, in Derbyshire, or else from Lapland, where the world is full of witches, or some where or other; or they might be blown amongst them by a whirlwind, or dropped like frogs from a cloud, or water-spout.—But says the bucks, bloods, bawds, beauties, bravos, jack-puddings, posture-masters,

ture-masters, tumblers, wire-hoppers, mimics, mock-manners, sneerers, grinners, and some of the grave men too, get out, or we'll kick you out ye young monsters, be gone, here's no abidance for you—Old *Fire-face*, the landlord of the inn, called the *Jolly Topers*, came, and staring upon them, set up a horse-laugh, and swore by the bottom of his butts, he had had the honour to keep the largest inn in the whole universe for upwards of three years and three quarters, in the very heart of the kingdom, where he had entertained Potentates, Princes, Peers, Nobles, Ambassadors, Amblers, and all the people of the first rank in the four quarters of the globe, but he never in all his life before saw or heard of such a pack of rascally, rude, rascally, ill-looking, ill-spoken, intolerable, unsufferable, unbearable set of surfeiters as these are.—Faugh ! says old Red Nose the drawer, the imps smell of brimstone. Depend upon it, cries Prim, the pimp of the Bagnio, by some sly stratagem they found a chink on one side or the other of strumbelow, or perhaps have crawled out of the bottomless pit to infect us.—At the instant up comes Lawrence Lash, the driver of the stage coach
from

from afar; and he, after hearing a part of the charming conversation, and looking steadfastly at the strangers, leeringly protested, he had travelled over all the world (partly) and his coach, the best any road could boast of, had transported creatures of all nations and languages, but (says he) I swear, on the credit of my old horse Quitter, I never saw such a pack of paltrons as these are in my life, except once when my flying machine was wafsted over land and sea with a parcel of passengers to Jerusalem; there indeed I did see some such monsters—and though these have lost their (long beards, or) chin-geers, depend upon it they are Jews; Ay, ay, says Fire-face, Red-nose, Pimp, &c. &c. Mr. Lash, you are all o' the right on't—We dare swear they are all rank Jews, and are come here to clip, stew, and sweat all our guineas, and take us in again for the ninepences and sixpences; away with these Solomons, Moses', Aarons, and Jacobs from the face of the earth; lay hold of them there, duck them, drown them—At that turbulent time, an old woman, with halfpenny puddings and penny pies, worn down in the service of the place, stood by, and she began to whine out, hold!

hold! sons, you are all in the wrong, they are neither Jews nor Christians, ye fools you; why, I have in my early days been in Turkey, through Holland and China, and so I can tell you what they are, why they are Hottentots or else Cherokees, the one or t'other of them—Why you lying-old baggage, says Pimp, that can't be, for they have not black skins—Good lack a day, child, says the old wench, I did not mind their skins; a bustle amongst themselves soon ensued, and in the confusion the men made their escape, and each, after agreeing at a fixed time to meet at the Mill, returned to his own family.

But can you believe it! they seemed as strange to their relations as they did to their countrymen—these were sure, (they said) they were not the same creatures they used to be, their gestures, looks, lives, language, tempers, in short, in every thing they were so altered that they neither could nor would bear with them; to be so often talking about the meadow, the mill, the river, rivulet, fountain, stool of repentance, wards, watchings, and a heap of outlandish gibberish; and then to dislike all their old favourite ways,
to

to shun the mounts, gates, broad road, (the easiest way in the world to walk in) to despise the customs of the country, and above all to testify against those honest fine fellows Fire-face, Red-nose, Prim Pimp, Lash, the driver, and all the fine folks of the place, and lastly, to raise a report that most of the people of that place were grown old, deformed, crippled, or enfeebled, and therefore wanted grinding, was intolerable, insufferable, provoking, inflaming, dismally dangerous, and not to be suffered; therefore, with one consent they laid hold of the young men, and drove them away out of the place.

Soon as they were left, they assembled together and resolved to return to the mill, and to beg of the Rector and Doctor to let them abide there; and at the same time to declare, that for food and raiment they would not long be chargeable, for that as soon as the hurly burly was over they would go into the country by day, and endeavour to get labour for their hands.—That they would be faithful to their employers, stand their hours, earn their wages, and each evening come back and assist in grinding, if they might but be permitted to lodge at the mill; their request

quest was soon gratified, they took up their lodging there, and for some time remained in peace with the Rector, Doctor, Assistants, and sometimes with old Hodge, who suffered them to visit his farm-house, and as he thought them good fellows, he set on two or three of them to work at his farm.

In a short time, the remainder, early in a morning, walked into the country, and asked for employment, being now unknown, some instantly got into business, so did the rest sometime after; thus all were got to work, and able to earn enough for themselves in their moderate way of living, and found something to spare; this overplus the young men always gave to the *worthy* poor, especially to the sick, the blind, widows, fatherless children, and orphans; and they thought and found in the end, what they gave in charity was like seed sown on a good soil, for it brought a very large increase—moreover, wherever they came they would talk, when proper occasion offered, of the meadow, the wonderful mill, the Rector, the Doctor, and the peaceable, happy young people who dwelt on the spot, so that many looked upon them and wondered; some thought

thought them mad, some drunk; some said they were dreadful deceivers, for that there was no such mill under the sun; 'twas a cheat from top to bottom, nor were there any people so happy upon earth. Others considered the matter more attentively, and watching the ways of these men, and observing they appeared happy, and were found faithful and honest, began to think there must be something more than common in the matter; Mark! the last had just before (to get out of the noise of their place) withdrew in the twilight, and took a turn or two in the pleasant meadow, but had never gone so far as the mill, &c.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER IV.

Some account of Lord Lothario—His manner of life—The consequences—His hiring Joseph, one of the young men from the mill—And his going with him to the meadow, the mill itself, &c.

AMONGST the last was a Noble Peer, heretofore called Lord Lothario, who happened to employ one of these young men in the capacity of superintendant, over his numerous domestics, and who, at his leisure hours, (which were but few) had not only observed something singular in the fellow (as he called him) but led by curiosity he had questioned him—at length he reposed great *trust* in him, for he found *Joseph* (that was his name) took care to keep his inferior servants at their employments; and not only so, but he rebuked them for and kept them from extravagance, gluttony, and drunkenness, so, that his estate, which before was weak, and about to be put out to nurse, began to grow strong; and **this** so far drew his

his condescension and regard, that he frequently spoke to Joseph; and Joseph taking now and then an opportunity to drop a word about the wonders of the mill—the *Chief Operator* there—the meadow, the Doctor, the Rector, his companions, Farmer Hodge and his family, &c. One day, I'll tell you what, Joe, says Lothario, I have company coming to dinner, and am engaged at a rout about midnight; but if in the evening you'll stop in your way home at the right gate of your meadow (as you call it) I'll come to you there in disguise, and if you o'nt discover me, I'll pass for one of your people, and slip with you into the mill, only to take a peep at her and your gentry there; I shall be glad of that, says Joseph, my Lord, and if your Lordship will forgive me, I wish you may be prevailed upon to try the works of the wheels, and that you may find as much benefit as I have done—Thank ye, Joe, but hum!—Joe?—My Lord?—I suppose one can have a little entertainment there, have you any good wine at the mill? the best under Heaven, my Lord, but it is not such as your Lordship usually drinks;—Well, well, but are there any pretty girls there, Joseph;

D

you'll

you'll excuse me, but I am very fond of the fair-sex, though, to tell you the truth, I can do little more than talk with them—Pretty girls, my Lord, yes, a few of the youngest, finest, and most beautiful girls in the world, and yet, pardon my bluntness and freedom, my Lord, I firmly believe not a lewd one amongst them—The deuce lye ye, Joe, exclaimed Lothario, if they are young, fine, and beautiful, they are not all vestals; however, go at eve to the gate, and depend upon it you shall have me for a companion.

At evening, as usual, Joseph returned in his way to the mill, he entered the meadow at the gate, and sat down to wait for Lothario. In the leisure half hour, as he seldom was idle, Joseph, ever cheerful, solaced himself by singing a song, and when we have drawn the outlines of the Peer's character, perhaps you may hear it.

Lothario had the fortune (or misfortune, which ever it is, for the learned are divided in their opinion on the subject) soon after he was born, to be entitled, by the demise of the Peer, his father, and death of the Dowager, his mother, to a distinguished title and a princely fortune, to wit, a landed estate of
about

about 6000*l.* a year, and 100,000*l.* in the funds; during his minority, tho' frequently indulged, yet bridled in part by preceptors, tutors, guardians, and others, he could not (as he used to express it) have sufficient elbow room; to be sure, he was half compelled to learn something, and being of a quick turn of mind, was led up, not only to a tolerable but to a good education; moreover, he was soon accomplished in the fashionable fancies of dancing, fencing, riding the great horse, and anon, he got himself accomplished in the fine arts of hunting, racing, gambling, wagering, swearing, banqueting, and wenching; he had indeed before eighteen anticipated his fortune (as snug as he could) about 60,000*l.* by borrowing at about 50 per cent. of Jews, and lavishing away the money upon people called Christians. At the age of twenty-one, (happy æra) a grand feast was held at Lothario's hall, to celebrate the happy moment, when he became *his own* master—but by the care and attention of the dizzy, untrusty rascals (servants I should have said) about him, it is reported to have cost him not much more than the trifling sum of 2500*l.* Before twenty-two he had

the honour to keep a stud of the best racers on the turf, (till others beat them). Before twenty-three he lost by racing and betting about six times more money than the horses cost him, tho' true, they cost twice their worth, he having paid, first and last, about 1700l. for them. At twenty-four he sold them off, and purchased a dozen very fine hunters, and pack of fox-hounds, at the moderate price of 450l. he kept them one year (huntsman, whippers-in, whippers-out, sportsmen, servants, &c. included) so cheap 'tis supposed as at about 580l. Before twenty-six he dislocated his neck in a chace, by plumping at a thick-set hedge to out-leap one of his tenants, who happened to be mounted on a better hunter than his Landlord, and who had the impudence to push the Peer, supposing (as he afterwards laughingly said) if his Landlord had broke one neck, he carried another in his jacket pocket; some kind brother fox-hunter tumbled off his steed, and after fixing his dirty knees against Lothario's shoulders, and his nervous hands beneath his caput, seemed to be pulling off the Peer's head, as one would pluck off the head of another sort of *pigeon*; but, however,

however, he reduced the dislocated part, and his Lordship, after some clattering in his throat, and involuntary tears from his eyes, began to breathe, and his noddle being supported whilst he laid on the grass, his carriage was sent for, he was conveyed to the hall, recovered in two months, and just before he got about again, one day his valet heard him mutter to the following effect;— If there be any fox-hunting in —, I wish my horses and hounds all there, they have cost me monstrous sums, and nearly broke my neck into the bargain—My Lord, says, William, his steady valet, (for his servants at times dare take liberty to say any thing to him) I have heard my Grandmother say, Lucifer never rode a fox-chace in his life, and that if the monies the horses and hounds cost were given to the pitiable poor it would fill many an empty belly—Empty belly, well, well, mine is empty enough; Will, don't let the Doctor know it, but give me a bumper of brandy, here's a guinea for you.

Will?—My Lord?—I'm sick of hunting, tell Tom Trimmer to-morrow to send all the horses to Tatterfall's.—They were sent, and at the fall of the hammer, that Gentleman

man knows what they sold for as well as I do.

N. B. Some of the pack, 'tis said, got the murrain, and the others were sold very cheap indeed to a young Lord who was just then about to set up the same sort of business. When Lothario grew better, and became cool, his old Steward took courage enough to remonstrate with him in the *money way*; creditors by crouds came about the hall, and began to be insufferably clamorous; tell them, says his Lordship, I am not at home, (fibbing being quite fashionable in some great houses) anon, however, the hall grew too hot—His Lordship saunters out, drops in at the inn, called, the *Jolly Topers*; Fire-face all but kiss'd his feet, calls his wife to take his Grace's orders, but took care first himself to bring into distant view a leash of wenches; he assured Lothario his drawer was devilishly honest, never made a double chalk, or extravagant bill in all his life; as to Prim Pimp, the white-headed waiter, (tho' he said it that ought not to say it) in the flesh way, there was not a better provider in all the world; your Grace may have here, said he,
(for

(for he was corned, or mellow) cheaper than at your Lordship's hall, my Lord, of the finest relish, four, or two-footed flesh of every kind; and, as to my wine—Pray, my Lord, shall I get your Grace a bottle, and send *Flora* with it, I dare say your honour would not like to be waited upon by one of us the he's—Well, Mr. Fire-face, says my Lord, send your wine and one of your she's—He did so; my Lord did not relish the wine, but he liked the wench, and so took her into keeping upon articles; soon he grew cloyed, took another, then another and another, he sported a variety of new carriages, had about twenty servants in fine liveries; he and his favourite lasses, by turns, rattled away to masquerades, plays, balls, routs, races, and every where; till, by when he was thirty, his ready cash was squandered, his estates mortgaged, and his body so emaciated, enfeebled, and enervated, that had you met, you might easily have mistook him for *an old man of sixty*; it was at this period he bad Joseph go and wait for him at the gate.

Now

Now for the song that Joseph sung whilst waiting at the meadow gate.

Lord Lothario make haste,
Oh that you for once could taste
The sweet pleasures of the mill,
Those I felt there, and feel still;
Here's a heart that's always glowing,
Here are pleasures ever flowing,
Freed from all the noise and strife
Of a dissipated life;
Come, Lothario, come away,
Come, or I'll no longer stay.

On't you, Joe, says the Peer (who then, though after the fixed time, arrived at the gate) well, good manners bid me thank you for staying so long, ope the gate, may I follow you—Yes, my Lord, says Joseph—He opened the gate, Lothario entered the meadow, and the moment he set his foot on that delightful ground he began to contemplate. The Peer and Joseph walked together (as if equals) the Peer being *incog*. Joseph introduced him; they entered the mill, the family received Joseph and the stranger, and there (reader if you please) we will leave them, and step over to Hodge's farm to see what is going forward there.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER V.

*Some account of Farmer Hodge and his family—
His wife, son and two daughters ground—A
conversation at Hodge's house about grinding
—An alarm—A mob at the mill—Fire-face
and his crew come to pull it down—The mob
drove away by Hodge and his people.*

YOU were told before (reader) that Hodge had employed two or three of these young men—They wrought diligently, the farmer was well pleased, but took no farther notice of them than to say when they came for their wages, Boys! you are good labourers, there's a shilling a piece for you above your hire—Dame! tell Audrey to get them a cann of beer; this latter they took if they wanted it, if not they declined it—But as they came into the kitchen at meal times, and conversed with the servants and some of the family, they were often singing (having good voices) to those about them—And afterwards, would talk of the *wonderful Mill, the Chief Operator*, the Rector, Doctor and many
E things

things—their conversation—the well known character of the Rector and Doctor, and many other things conspired together so, that Hannah Hodge, the Farmer's wife, Robin, his son, Audrey, his eldest, and Susan, his youngest daughter, all had (unknown to Hodge whilst he was about his fields) gone to the meadow and mill; and (in short) privately passed through all the operations* before Hodge was aware of the matter—However, he could but observe his Hannah, who, tho' usually chearful, would sometimes be pittering and pittering about the goings on at the farm, &c. now she was always easy—Robin too, who used to cut and rip, and try to drive away every thing before him, now was as meek and mild, as cool and calm as could be. Audrey, that had a vast nack at dressing and scolding, reduced her head-plumes and bridled her tongue; or else she now spoke so kindly to the maids, that they all wondered and liked her—Little Sue, a tedious peevish girl, who before was always for her own mind, and would cry and bawl if not pleased in every thing, now wore a constant smile on her face, and was always

* At this mill persons of all ages find benefit.

in good humour—Hodge wondered what was the matter, but at length he began to smell a rat (as he call it) had a strong suspicion they had been *a grinding* (as scoffers by that time began to term it) and he grew angry. Now, though he had a very high respect for his old friends the Rector and Doctor, yet, conceiving *mean notions of the mill*, and supposing that half the time of his family would be taken up there, whilst his farm would be neglected, and all run to rack, he thought within himself, after his humorous way,

Let it be understood,

Hodge—nip this in the bud.

For (d'ye mind) says he to himself, if I don't nip off the bud, here will grow a flower by and by (observe ye) that I sha'nt like the smell of—So that evening, when the Farmer came home, resolved, right or wrong, to begin upon them—He happened to find his wife and son Robin looking into an old dusty book by the fire side, whilst Audrey and Susan, with the three young men, (the labourers from the mill) were set near them.

Well, Robin! says he, have you looked after the horses? Yes, father! but I shall see

to them again before supper—Before supper! says Hodge (observe ye) I doubt you deserve none, go see to them now boy—Robin obeyed—Hark ye, Audrey! have you helped to milk the cows? Yes, father.—Well, but have you taken care (mind ye) that the wenches strapped them clean? I am afraid you neglect the business, and half the cows will get the gargut, by your laziness—Father, says Audrey, you never told me I was lazy before—No, no, you used to be well enough, but I have seen what I don't like, and I shall speak what you don't like—Here, Sue!—Papa?—Go hold the lanthorn for Robin 'till he cleans the horses—Where's your rock? what, no spinning to night?—I have spun a skein, papa—Go, hold the lanthorn, I tell you, get you gone you little urchin—Susan ran ————— a pause ————— after the pause, says Hodge to his Hannah—Well, wife, (observe ye) what are you after? you seem wonderfully mute now a-days—what book is that you are poring over together, Robinson Crusoe, or the works of Fox, the leather-coated quaker? aye, 'tis a quaker's book I suppose, for (observe ye) for some time past you have been wonderfully
 silent;

silent; but, however dame, I'll make you
 speak—Throw away your book, or I shall
 kick it I know not whither—Here, Prue!
 get me a pint of my strong stingo (mind ye)
 —bid Robin and Sue come in—Audrey,
 where's your cap that cost 7s. 6d. how came
 you to have a plain cap and fillet about your
 head?—Young men (observe ye) go home
 to your mill, I think to turn ye all off to-
 morrow morning—Give me my stick, wife,
 I'll go and see after my business myself, I
 smell a rat, you are all idle, and the rent of
 my farm, and the rates of the parish, at this
 course of life, will ruin us all.—Pray, my
 dear, says Mrs. Hodge, what is the matter,
 what hast thou been spending thy market
 penny, husband? what is amiss? all our busi-
 ness is done, and can there be any harm, after
 the toils of the day, to set down and read the
 records of the wonderful mill?—Mill, says
 Hodge, *there's the rub*; aye, that's what I
 thought of; why, look ye wife, the mill
 will grind all your brains out, if you have
 any; but methinks you have been there
 before hand; however, wife, though I love
 you, and have lived with you these thirty
 years without a quarrel before, yet now I
 tell

tell you, if you attempt to go to the mill a grinding, depend upon it you have done living quietly, or at all, with your old husband Hodge.

Wife—Wilt turn me out of doors, dear husband?

Hodge—Doors, no, I love you too well for that yet; but if you want to read, why I have wrote more than you can understand, or I myself either perhaps, Dame (d'ye mind) why prythee read the works of your husband.

Wife—My dear, your works aim to do good, and your heart I know is honest, but charity begins at home—first, get good done to thyself husband; here's a book * gives me more comfort than a thousand of your writings, and the works of the mill are beyond your comprehension.

Hodge—Hark ye, wife, don't provoke me, away with your new nostrums, mind your butter and cheese, chicks and chickens, and keep your children up to the work—Mark! I love the Rector and the Doctor as well as you do, and have heard (observe ye) a deal

* The Bible.

of talk about the mill, I have been at it, but never passed through it, nor do I intend it, for, d'ye mind, we are not *millers*, and so we can't live by grinding.

Wife—My dear husband, I always was and always will be yours ; you know I love you (ask the experience of thirty years) our children doat upon you, we will all obey you, *except in matters of the mill*; but I will frankly confess, whatever is the consequence, my son Robin, daughter Audrey, myself, and even little Susan, have all passed through the operations, though unknown to you, and we are happy—the last and best of my wishes for you, my dear husband, are, that you also may pass through, be made as happy as we are, and then we shall be all one for ever.

Hodge—What do I hear? am I in a dream? what, hast thou been through the mill, and did you hide it from me?—Well, be it so, I have always trusted in my own care, under Providence, to guide me, I have been honest as far as I could, have brought up my family, with the help of God, and you, but in deep things I know, wife, you are more serious, and therefore better acquainted with
such

such likes than I am; and so go on, Hannah, go on my children; although I have spoken in an ill temper, yet I don't see, to speak the truth, that you are altered for the worse; so go on I say. I shall never go a grinding with you, but, however, we will love one another. Drive on the business of the farm (d'ye mind) and *every one shall go his own way*—I'll go mine, says Hodge. At this instant the conversation was interrupted by halloo! halloo! Master Hodge, Master Hodge, and all that are within, come quickly to the mill—there's a great mob around it, and a riot; they are about to pull it down, and threaten to drown the Rector, Doctor, and all the folks there; therefore, you and your people go quickly and repel the mob.

Hodge—The Devil (d'ye mind) seems to be let loose now a days—give me my crab stick and constables staff, for I am constable of the parish (observe ye) call Robin—Here, call our men Ralph, Roger, Valentine, Tom—Where's the maids Bridget, Ruth, Margaret, and the rest of you; let the boys be called, Halloo! where are you, Sam, Ned, Tibby, Trimmer, where are the young men of the mill—are they home? here, all of you,
take

take your whips, flails and pitchforks; women take your brushes and broom stalks; Audrey and Sue (can you fight with your father?) lay hold of your stools, pattens, and rock staffs; come along—I'll hobble before you, and lead you to battle—I don't like your grinding way (mind ye) but I love the Rector and the Doctor and all about them; therefore, come along quickly, *we'll never be governed by a mob*—We'll go and drive them off the ground, or I'll shiver my crab-thorn and constables staff to pieces; and (observe ye) before they shall drown my old friends—(come along) here's old Hodge, who in this right cause will venture his life for them—Away hies Hodge—all the family and servants followed him, the ploughmen and servants took their weapons; the wife, children, and young men took none; we leave them going to rescue the Rector, Doctor, &c. and to save the mill, &c. mean time we ought to tell you how the uproar happened.

It happened thus,

Joseph and the Peer, as you heard before, were arrived at the mill, where, to the astonishment of Lord Lothario, he found, by conversing with the Rector, Doctor, the young

F

men,

men, and people on the spot, what he had heard from Joe was true.—He became so charmed with the conversation of these people, and profited so much by a lecture that happened to be delivered that evening, that he resolved not to go, as proposed, to the midnight rout of *Lady Rittle Rattle*, but to abide with them there at least for that night, if they would suffer him to rest amongst them; he was shewed a room decently furnished, in the *silent ward*, which lies next the ward *oratorial*.—Being shewn to his bed by one of the young men of the place (who soon retired) and being left in profound *silence*, he began to reflect upon the life of dissipation he had led from his earliest days, this drove sleep far from him—his mind was filled with fear, and that night he took no rest; early at the cock-crowing in the morning, he heard an audible voice in the ward of oratory; to which, listening with profound attention, he found it was the Rector in the article of prayer; resolved to arise, he did so, dressed himself, and went softly to the side of the oratorial ward, near which stood the low seat, pedestal, or stool (of repentance) he set himself down upon it, and

and instantly found himself strongly inclined to confess all that was in his heart—his audible confession alarmed the Rector so, that after morning matins were over, he came to the Peer, examined him as to the present state of his mind, and having good cause to hope he was a sincere penitent, allotted him a place in the oratorial ward.

In that ward he continued for some time, and a report being spread in the suburbs that Lord Lothario was got to the mill—Lady Rittle Rattle being dismally disappointed of the Peer's personal appearance at her rout—Old Fire-face also missing his gifty guest, and Prim Pimp, having lost his best Master (as the Misses of the Bagnio had their golden cull) moreover, it being reported, that if he was indeed gone a grinding, the very art would fall by which they had their ill got wealth.—Fire-face, his Drawer, Pimp, his wenches, a drummer, a brace of butchers and leash of link boys; (the drummer and boys being hired by the bountiful landlord of the *Jolly Topers*) all conspired to go in batalia to storm the mill, bring away the Peer by force, and not only so, but to pull down the buildings, for fear the said

mill should undermine their trade ; and moreover, if they could catch the Rector, Doctor, and the young fellows that had been at work amongst them, they resolved to drown them all in their ditch, to prevent farther mischief—To this laudable end, having procured a cart, on which Fire-face placed the sag end of a butt of beer, to spirit up his crew when they came to action ; the whole posse marched forward—The *Hof* of the Jolly Toppers led the van, Red Nose, his drawer, followed, Prim Pimp, and a leash of prostitutes were at their heels ; the Drummer next, with his drum, the Butchers with their marrow bones and cleavers ; a hundred idle silly boys closed the cavalcade, and they arrived at the gate of the meadow and summoned the men of the mill to surrender at discretion, gave them two hours to consider of the matter, swore, by Bacchus, if in that time they did not surrender, the mill should go down to the earth, and they would give no quarter, and that the Rector, Doctor, or whoever resisted, should be instantly drowned in the ditch—mean time, boys, says Fire-face, to keep up your spirits and cheer your hearts, we'll tap and drink this butt of good ale here
—The

—The cup was handed about, they soon got dreadfully drunk, and then, with all their force, pushed open the gate, and entered the meadow; but, *being drunk, they could not contemplate*; however, they staggered half way from the gate towards the mill. When Hodge and all his people (some armed as afore said, others not armed) Hodge at their head, arrived there, Hodge forgetting his lameness leaped over the hedge, he entered the meadow and the mill, crying out, halloo! here! where's my Rector? where's the Doctor? where's all your people? are ye alive? where's the mob? what's the matter?—The Rector calmly stepped forward, the Doctor followed, and told Hodge, the mob, with Fire-face at their head, were then in the meadow drawing near the mill—But, says the Doctor, we have barricaded the door, so that we think they cannot get in—Get in, says, Hodge, (d'ye mind) open the door, Parson, that we on t'other side may get out and have at them—I don't fancy your mill much, it makes a deal of outcry, but I love you my old friends, I think you better than those that threaten you, and if you be worse, the Devil (observe ye) must be in you—Here, Robin,

Robin, my son! where's your pitchfork—
 Father, says he, I don't trust in such arms—
 You puppy, you! well (says Hodge) we can
 manage it without ye, only open the door
 Bob, I long to be at them—Robert did so;
 Hodge and all his armed servants (who were
 but few) marched out, and soon met Mr.
 Fire-face with his motley mob, in the mea-
 dow—Hodge began to contemplate (such
 was the nature of the place) but he had not
 time to contemplate much, for Fire-face and
 his troop were at hand; therefore, Hodge,
 having his constable's staff in one, and the
 crab stick in the other hand, called out aloud
 —Hark ye every one of you mobbers, mon-
 sters, or whatever you are, I command you
 in the King's name (d'ye mind) to *halt*, and
 before you stir one step farther tell us what
 business you have here, and what ye come
 for—Who's that? says Fire-face, give him
 an huzza my boys; halloo! huzza! they
 shouted huzza! huzza! a butt of beer—Fire-
 face for ever, and down with the mill; drown
 the Rector, duck the Doctor and all the
 crew, down with, down with them—When
 the noise somewhat abated, Hodge called
 again aloud, Fire-face, where are you?—

Here

Here I am! says Old Butts, who are you? what's that Old Hodge? I think I know your voice—Know my voice, says Hodge, yes, and I know you from head to foot, you, ye swaggering swill-tub—how dare you come here with your fiery face and carbuncle snout to destroy and to kill? if Beelzebub has an eldest son upon earth you are he, you carry fire in your countenance—Hark ye! Bridget, give me a match, that I may try to light it at the end of that sot's nose, and burn his empty scull to ashes—Who have you got behind you? by the smell of his brandy-scented breath I think 'tis that rascal Red-nose—And who's next? an't it your Pimp? the gallows, you three villains, have groaned years for you (observe ye) you know I know you, and in the *King's name*, (mind ye) I command you, one and all of you, instantly to disperse, and stagger to your homes, or by all the authority of a constable (who might charge every body, or any body, to muster amongst us) I vow, this staff and this crab stick, together with the arms my people are furnished with, shall, if possible, drive Lucifer out of you; and, moreover, if you resist, we'll take you prisoners, and set you
all

all o'the stocks—I defy you, you old hobbling son for a w——! exclaimed Fire-face, and with that, threw his pewter tankard at Hodge's head, which gave him a severe souse o'the noddle—Hodge uplifted his staff, and with one stroke brought Fire-face to the ground, his foreman encountered Red-nose, his second man Prim Pimp, his third first kicked out the bottom of the drum, and secondly, drummed upon the back of the drummer with his fork-shaft; the female servants plucked off hats, caps, pads, cauls, curls, and every thing from the heads of the lewd wenches, and set them a capering with their rock staves; in short, the mob soon drew back, old Fire-face bawled out aloud, he was killed already—Red-nose screamed blood! broken bones! murder! Prim Pimp bent his marrow bones and begged for his life, protested he was let into this scrape by the old scoundrel his master, but never would he, to his last gasp, procure another wench, or join another mob if it would oblige the whole town; for, says he, my opinion is, they are all wicked—Lay hold of them! says Hodge, lay hold of them! I myself can baste a dozen of them, put them all in the

the

the stocks!—But by this time feeling the blows, and beginning to grow sober, they all staggered out of the meadow; Hodge finding them fled, returned to the mill—The Rector, Doctor, the Peer, young men, and all the family, expressed their hopes that neither Hodge or his servants had got harm—Harm! says Hodge (d'ye see) we might have got harm enough for all you, for you did us no good; but (observe ye) I love the Doctor and Rector, and all of you, but your mill makes such a noise I advise you to take it down yourselves, sell the materials, and let us hear no more of the matter.

The Rector and the Doctor smiled—the young men said, they wished Hodge himself was ground—I believe you are all a good sort of folks, said he, but I don't like grinding; however, whilst I can hobble to defend you they sha'n't knock you o'the head; you do them no harm. So Hodge and his family departed to their farm, and the people at the mill, after entering the oratorial ward, with thanksgiving for deliverance, retired to rest, and from that time their adversaries were so abashed, that they gave up Lothario, and the works of the mill went on in peace.

CHAPTER VI.

A further account of Lord Lothario, and notice of another great personage, one Farmer George, &c. &c. who came to the mill.

AT the time of the riot, Lord Lothario being in the oratorical ward, heard nothing of the bustle—When at night he was informed of the particulars by the people of the place, he said—I do not wonder—Fire-face and the rest must be alarmed at missing me—*Lady Rattle Rattle* too is no doubt discomposed, as my appearance and purse, gave life to her midnight revels—but I have done with them all, I seek more of what I never tasted 'till I came here—Peace of mind is the portion I pant for—my constitution is injured and my cash squandered—my real estate also is mortgaged, but I do not despair—I will pass through these wards, and either return to my possessions a new man, or perish here.

He

He was as good as his word—He passed through all the operations of the mill—he became a new creature—he reflected much upon an event that happened in his earlier days; he had injured a chaste beautiful young Lady, of family, though not of fortune, by breach of his promise to wed her—She had long been pining away as a recluse on account of Lothario—Says the Peer I wronged her then and will marry her now, it is all the amends I can make her; so, with unbounded thanks to *the Chief Operator*, the Rector, Doctor, and people of the mill, he departed, sending Joseph before him to tell his people, their Lord was coming home—soon he arrived; he directed Joseph to see, that all things about him were conducted decently—His commands were chearfully obeyed, all things smiled around him, peace, regularity, and sobriety now met at Lothario's hall—His old land-steward rejoiced—his mortgages were soon discharged—he sent for the amiable girl, protested his penitence, and being again believed, she gave him her hand, and they were married—From that period the Bride and Bridegroom (for she had been at the mill) went hand in hand, to make themselves and

all about them (by example and acts of benevolence) honest, hopeful, and happy; the issue of the marriage at present is an only son—we wish him to enjoy his father's benefits and his mother's virtues. Old Fire-face, at the *Jolly Topers*, soon broke (his wife had not cared much if he had broke his neck, for he forced her into that lewd way of life) —Red Nose, the drawer, drank himself to death—Prim, the pimp, commenced pick-pocket, and was transported—The wenches at the inn became street-walkers, and were committed to the house of correction, where we shall leave them, in hopes of amendment, to take notice of another great person who came to the mill.

There lived in a large town hard by the mill a most opulent farmer, called by some FARMER GEORGE, a truly respectable person, and his dame was one of the most amiable women in the world; they had a large family of the loveliest children the county could boast of, and for many years led a life (as some said) of uninterrupted prosperity—
but,

but, as the largest lap can never latch a lot without a crook, so our farmer and family anon found, several occurrences that grieved and perplexed them, especially the farmer himself, who, it is thought, laid some of the disagreeables too near his honest heart—he became sore vexed, and did not carry the ease upon his countenance that heretofore he wore. Mrs. George (who, by the bye, some think, had herself been before at the mill, but secretly) was the first who discovered the violent agitation of her beloved's mind; she watched his motions with all the tenderness of one who thought she could not live if he was lost.

The farmer, to shake off the fatigue of abundant business, and get rid of a throng of servants who perpetually pestered him for directions, wandered alone thro' part of his farm-lands, as far as the meadow—the gate happened to be open, and he walked in—very soon he began, with greater attention than ever, to contemplate—A dark cloud, which at that instant hung directly over his head, so affrighted him, that, to hide himself, and get out of the rain, which fell freely, he ran he knew not where; but espying

pying one of the *wards* of the mill, to which he was hastily approaching, open, he ran into it for shelter; it was the Ward of Trial. Here the Doctor going his rounds in the evening, with the Rector, found the distressed farmer—both recognized his countenance, and the Rector instantly said—Farmer George, peace be unto thee—The Doctor, who attentively observed him, approached with a bow, to feel his pulse, but George, instead of holding out, lifted up his arm, and in the anguish and flurry of his mind, knocked down the Doctor flat on his back—The Rector was a little alarmed at this, but the Doctor arose with a smile; I know his case, says he—I have received no harm, we must deal gently with him—The people of the mill hearing a noise, soon came; they said they knew and revered the farmer—Mrs. George (his wife) was sent for, she flew to her Lord (for so she often called him) George knew *her*—the children, one and all, soon as they heard of the state of their father, and where he was sheltered, came running to the mill; every one eager to soften his sorrows, and waive his woes; the eldest son, a more noble spirited youth (some juvenile foibles

foibles apart) the town ne'er saw, was pierced to the heart with the most poignant grief for his father—The head servants at the farm-house began to bestir themselves, for a report had reached them, that he was beside himself—A consultation was held—the whole town was in consternation, most men lamented the farmer's hard case; many said, they were sure he could never recover—in short, tho' not naturally, yet he was already legally dead, and, therefore, another person ought to manage the farm, and who was so fit as his *eldest son*.

Two (or more) of the chief labourers, however, were of a different opinion, they said, whilst the old farmer was alive, his eldest son had no more right to manage the business than the servants had; they said, the *lease* of the farm itself would bear them out, and justify them in so saying—Wilkinson, the head man, behaved rudely, and thunderer, the second man, roughly, to the son; but their behaviour sprung not from an aversion to the heir, but partly from the natural fear of convulsive changes, which might affect themselves; and mostly, from an *attachment to the father*; on these accounts, therefore,

fore, they seem very excusable—Some others of the servants, however, (out of employment) rigorously combated the strange doctrine, and insisted upon it, that, according to the lease, right reason, justice, and common sense, during the father's incapacity, the son ought to stand in his shoes—all was confusion, for the head men were persuaded, if the son should be suffered to vault into the father's saddle, if he did not ride over, yet, he would certainly put *them* out of employment, and take in others—In the interim, the conduct of the heir deserved, and gained him *universal applause*; the openness of his heart never appeared before in a point of view so applaudably brilliant—*God* save my father, says he, let him live, and whilst he lives, I am contented to rule, or not rule—take care of my father!—Mrs. George would never leave him without compulsion, and when forced to do so, her last look on her Lord forced out tears; most of the people at the great town and suburbs (strange as it may seem) hearing the deplorable state of the head man of the place, mourned, and drew up many petitions to the *Chief Operator* at the mill for his recovery.

One

One day it happened, when the stewards, team-drivers, threshers, and about seventy of the farmer's servants were at the mill, consulting about what was to be done with their *Master, Mistress, the Son* and the farm; Old Hodge, having heard a deal of strange news, waddled down to the place, and finding the Rector, Doctor, &c. bluntly demanded of them—Where is Farmer George? He is within, said they, but he is sadly, you cannot see him—But I will see him, says Hodge, (d'ye mind) why should I not?—Because he has much company with him—Well then (observe ye) says Hodge, one more can make no great difference, I wish to see him myself (d'ye mind) for I love him—he's not yet got into your hopper (as you call it) I suppose, is he?—No, friend Hodge, said the Rector, I wish he was; but as you are so earnest, come along, the Doctor and I will introduce you—They did so—Hodge found him sitting on a sofa in the *ward of trial*, and in the avenue all his servants were in the act of *argumentation*—Well, says Hodge (to the first man he met) how is, where is, my friend, your master?—Honest countryman, said the servant, my master is *mad*—Ay, says Hodge, I

H

do

do not wonder, here's enow of ye (d'ye mind) to make any man mad—I have been half mad myself sometimes, with such folks as you are; but (observe ye) I am brought a bit to myself again—where's his wife? where's his son? and where's the other children? with their father, said the servant—Well then let me peep at them all (d'ye mind) and so he did.

Farmer George was sitting in a declining posture, leaning his aching head on his consort's bosom; the eldest son set by him in tears, all the other children were sobbing around him; the general cry of the whole family was, Oh! my Lord, my Husband! Oh! my Father, my Father!—The servants, mean time, full of arguments, were debating, whether *themselves* or the *son* should carry on the business—Look ye! says Hodge, that there woman is a charming dame—that youth (d'ye mind, foibles apart) is a brilliant boy—all them there lovely children are amiable—and you, the seventy servants, may be well enough in your ways, but I doubt you love *meat* as well as *master*—Look you here! if my friend the farmer cannot do business, his son should step into his place 'till he gets well to be sure—For (d'ye mind) suppose I was as he is, if my
my

my servants were to treat my son as you do his (odds and ends boys) if I got well again, I should never thank you—and depend upon it the youth on't thank you, whether his father lives or dies; but it runs in my head-piece (d'ye mind) that you had better go home, get your suppers, and take a nap, for (unless I augur wrong) if the Farmer be left amongst the folks here at the mill, he will get well again, and drive on business as brisk, perhaps brisker than ever.

The servants thought Hodge a strange homely fellow, but, however, having done consulting, they retired—The Rector wondered, the Doctor smiled, Dame George, the heir, and children, returned, for the night, to the farm; the farmer was left with the Rector and Doctor to be quiet in the ward of trial; where, for a time, we shall leave him, in order that in chapter the 7th we may present you with what you don't expect.

CHAPTER VII.

*A mad scene, &c. &c. or slight view of the
inside of Bethel, alias Bedlam.*

ONE of Farmer George's servants over officious, firmly believing his master was mad, concluded bedlam must be the best place for him, and slyly slipping away from the mill, steered his course to the great building, solely appropriated for the reception of lunatics—He rapped at the door, the porter anon opened it, and he demanded, with a voice of some authority, a room in the house for his master; Why, Sir, says the porter to him, you must speak to the Governor, the Governor will speak to the Doctor, and the Doctor will direct the keeper to shew you a proper ward for your Master, if he thinks him, when he sees him, an object of charity—Charity! says the servant, we will have our master well taken care of, but we don't want charity; we shall pay you well for Farmer George's lodgings, if you can do him any good,—but let me be shewn to a place where he can be taken good care of, for
a better

a better Master I shall never have—Well, says the porter, I will call the keeper, you shall see the wards; and if one be empty, do but get a ticket from the Doctor, and your Master may be brought here as soon as you like; I shall advise you, however, to take a short jacket for him, one that, if it be properly put on, (I'll shew ye how) will confine his arms and hands, and prevent his doing mischief to himself or any body else; you pay 10s. 6d. for it, and when it is returned you will have the half-guinea again; the servant paid for, and took the jacket on his arm, the keeper was called, and he took the servant with him, and shew him first, a ward, over the door of which, in large Roman characters, was written

The WARD of HOPELESS LOVE.

Let me look in, says the servant; the keeper opened the door; a window without glass, high in the wall, discovered a lovely youth, all but naked, stretched on the straw; in his hand he held a curious twisted knot, composed of the same materials that constituted his bed—The lunatic started upright;—Well Tom! says he, where's my Phillis?—

have

have you brought her ?—we shall be married to-morrow ;—Look Tom ! for my part I am ready—here's her nosegay, (shewing the knot of straw) and here's her ring, (holding up a link of his leg chain)——Come coy Phillis—Where's my father, mother, brother ?—come along to the wedding,—Who are the Bride's maids, Tom ?—tal, de ral.

Hair so black, and eyes so brown,
Heaving bosom soft as down ;
Lips more red than cherries fine,
Cheeks whose blush will shame carmine ;
Arms and hands as white as snow,
Graces move whene'er she go,
Voice, 'tis music's mellow flow.

}

See! my Phillis; there she pass—Cruel, coy, but lovely lass ;—Holloo! you there; Halloo! You have stolen my wife, kidnappers! thieves! robbers! I'll shoot you all to atoms!—And with that he threw a handful of straw at the head of the keeper, and George's servant, and laid down exhausted.—Shocked, he past that, and came to the ward of

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

There laid a beautiful lass,—Straw never before bore such transient treasure—she scarce lifted

lifted up her head, but softly murmured—
 Strephon won my yielding heart, and then
 he soon forsook me; I swim here, on a glassy
 sea, and shall soon sink into an ocean of fire;
 —Ah! Strephon, I forgive thee; my lost
 love I forgive thee—Nor do I wish thee to
 float upon this sea of glass—nor to burn in
 yon boiling ocean,—Tom! (says she to the
 keeper) d'ye know that Strephon has mar-
 ried the old rich widow?—Well, it was for
 her money—but money will not make my
 Strephon happy;—I heard the wedding bells
 ring, and they have almost distracted me—
 but—I wish them well;—good bye Tom.—
 She laid down her lovely head;—The keeper
 pulled George's servant away, for he stood
 like a frozen statue, and they passed the other
 wards till they came to one called

The WARD of MISTRUST.

In this ward, close up of a corner, with his
 back towards the door, sat a meagre figure,
 scarcely to be distinguished from a real skele-
 ton; he held between his two hands a some-
 thing the servant could not tell what, and
 therefore he asked the keeper what he held?
 —Why says the kind keeper, he hugs be-
 tween

tween his hands his *Idol*, or in other words, his *Bag of Money*; speak to him he'll tell his own tale:—Well father! says George's servant, How go times?—The lunatic first clenched his fists faster, turned his head, and leering slyly upon him, muttered, O Lud! O Lud! I shall be ruined, starved, perished!—I have lost already *a shilling* out of my bag, —Give me the shilling, pray give me my shilling!—I cannot spare it—rags and ruination—I shall not have enough to carry me to the end of my journey, I shall come to the work-house, and if I do I am resolved directly to hang myself!—Never you miserable miser, says George's servant, unless somebody gives you a halter.—And then old hunks was left, with less regret, and they soon came to

THE WARD of AMBITION.

In this ward, a strong robust person, rather in years, (a player by profession) was found: he wore a most monstrous high cocked hat, decked with feathers, and his coat was garnished with pieces of gilt Dutch paper—He was walking to and fro, in a most commanding manner, and as soon as he saw the keeper and

and George's servant, he exclaimed, Hear! slaves! hear! know your master! know ye rascals that I am Lord of Lapland—I married the August Princess—Ruttee—Rodunta—Roundelay—Rumpus—Imperiality; she bore me seven children, all of them, except one, are dead, but in the calendar they are—translated to the skies, and shine there as planets of the first magnitude; my chief Lord, the Lord Lowstrings, aiming at my throne, conspired against me to un-king me, and put me to death, but I defeated him, and slew, with my own arm, ten thousand rebels upon the spot. The *Country Boors*, however, thought I oppressed them, and, therefore, they also rose up in arms against me, they overpowered, and then banished me from my Queen, my child, my empire, and my all; so here I am in a strange place, Tom, where all I can do is, to sing out my miseries —————
after a long pause (the Player, or) the Man of Ambition sung the following

S O N G,

Ranta-Tanta, Roar'em Ranta,
Flashes, flames, and sorrows plenty,
Waters, winds, and snow storms dash us,
Rocks and hills and mountains crash us;

I

Now

Now we're tofs'd on burning seas,
 Now knock'd down by falling trees;
 Lapland Witches—shrivell'd Wizzards,
 Burn our hearts and freeze our gizzards.

But, Tom! I will be King over Lapland
 after all, or I'll lose my whole fortune—
 Keeper! get me my crown, sceptre, and ring,
 —I shall hold a Court to day. He said so—
 threw up his hat, and marched again most
 majestically—The servant of George, asto-
 nished at what he had seen and heard, re-
 turned the jacket, took the half guinea again,
 and said to himself—My Master shall never
 come here; I'll return to the mill, and see
 what is become of him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Some further account of Farmer George—of his wonderful recovery—And of other matters.

BE pleased to recollect, retentive reader, that at the end of Chapter the 6th, we left the good Farmer George in the ward of Trial, with the Rector, the Doctor and the people of the mill—we now return to him, and are charged by the attendants there to inform you, that for the first few weeks he bore his trials variously; at some seasons he was pensive and patient, at others obstreperous, or outrageous; sundry practitioners voluntarily offered their services—others were called in and sent there by the head labourers at the farm—the family were all anxiety for the event—divers consultations were held—sundry different experiments tried—some insinuated, that it was improper to call him *Farmer George*, or to approach or treat him as a *superior*; others insisted, that

he ought to be treated, and must and should be treated with tenderness and profound respect, and that at all events his servants ought to be kept at a distance, (one or two favourites now and then excepted) and that they ought not to be suffered to tease him about their several opposite modes of carrying on the business; at length the latter, for a time, prevailed—He was humoured often, and he began (at the time a report prevailed he was *dead*, or all but dead) again to become calm, and to lift up his revered head—the Rector moved to place him in the *oratorial* ward, the Doctor acquiesced, and intended from thence to conduct him to the *watch* and other *wards*—the young men and people at the mill argued strongly to have him pass through *all* the works—He was led forth to the river, and drank; to the rivulet, and tasted of the streams; he became almost instantaneously invigorated—He proposed to sit down on the seat or pedestal, to pass thro' the mill, and then, says he, *farewell farm*, I'll yield the business to my eldest son—My land, fertile in itself, by unskilful management in some of my former servants, have brought forth two many briars and thorns—
 may

may my son's husbandry bring forth better things. We have a good cottage on the borders, that will do for my dear dame, my youngest children, and myself—I will retire, and live upon a small portion of the profits of my farm in peace—Dame George, hearing her husband's wish, came into the scheme—the youngest children consented—the plan was ripening for execution, when lo! the chief labourers, who had gained intelligence of the plan, came in a body to the mill—they rejoiced (they said) that their master was better—they were sure it would be improper and impolitic in him to decline business; they averred, that he was now well able to hold the reins again—and even if his nerves (at times) should be found feeble; their strong hands should help him—In short they insisted upon his immediate removal from the mill—the Rector advised—the Doctor remonstrated—the people on the spot implored, that the farmer might not be taken away till he had received the *full benefit* of the mill-operations; but it was all to no purpose, the servants had (*a priori*) brought with them the farm carriage to the spot, they had previously prevailed upon their dame and
 young

young master to accompany them, and join in solicitations for his removal to the farm; the farmer overcome by intreaties, having the good of *all* at heart, yielded to be taken from rest and retirement again, to walk in those weighty ways of business, which before had been too heavy for his feeble frame—However, just before his departure, at the very instant he was about to mount his farm curry, Farmer Hodge, on foot, came up to the mill, and finding his servants in the act of removing the *great farmer*, exclaimed—Hark ye! what is my friend George agoing? Let me ask a question (observe ye) *has he been ground down here?*—Is he young and strong again? why, Master (Hodge) answered Wilkinson, Thunderer, and the rest of them, he's got so strong, that he can do his business well enough, with our help; and he is not so *old* yet as to require grinding—Well! well! replied Hodge, but truly I have heard and seen so much of this here mill, that I intend to be ground myself, and I wish your master to be ground rightly before he goes, but if that can't be, then I pray ye, that half a score of you his trusty servants, who, by the look of ye (d'ye mind

mind) appear old enough for grinding, would abide here a bit, by way of good company, and step (observe ye) into the hopper with me myself, so that we may (mind ye) all be ground together, we can hardly grind for the worse boys—But all the servants (a very few excepted) answered, our full employment at the farm takes up our heads and hearts too much to bestow a thought about his grinding mill, and, moreover, Master Hodge, we are not yet old enough for grinding—An't you? says Hodge, you may have a mill upon your yonder great farm; and belike some say, you have, and that most of you are too *old* for us all, because you take too much toll of your customers; but then (d'ye mind) however that may be, take my advice, and henceforth don't grind your poor neighbours so hard, lest by overgrinding you set your mill fast and hurt your trade so much, that they in their turn may make themselves millers, and grind you. One of the most talkative of George's tribe stepped forward to Hodge, and said, old hobbler, look at my countenance—poor old fellow, your eyes are dim, or you might see in a moment that I am perfectly young yet—
 Boy,

young master to accompany them, and join in solicitations for his removal to the farm; the farmer overcome by intreaties, having the good of *all* at heart, yielded to be taken from rest and retirement again, to walk in those weighty ways of business, which before had been too heavy for his feeble frame—However, just before his departure, at the very instant he was about to mount his farm curry, Farmer Hodge, on foot, came up to the mill, and finding his servants in the act of removing the *great farmer*, exclaimed—Hark ye! what is my friend George agoing? Let me ask a question (observe ye) *has he been ground down here?*—Is he young and strong again? why, Master (Hodge) answered Wilkinson, Thunderer, and the rest of them, he's got so strong, that he can do his business well enough, with our help; and he is not so *old* yet as to require grinding—Well! well! replied Hodge, but truly I have heard and seen so much of this here mill, that I intend to be ground myself, and I wish your master to be ground rightly before he goes, but if that can't be, then I pray ye, that half a score of you his trusty servants, who, by the look of ye (d'ye mind

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 Boy,

Boy, (returned Hodge) dim as my eyes are, I can see that soft pulpy place in your scul-cap, and dare venture to vouch for you, (Mr. Impertinence) that you are like to be young as long as you live, child.

Here the conversation ended—Farmer George, the family and servants, drove away, and, tho' strange to some, yet certain it is, he received so much benefit at the mill, that from the day of his return to this day he has been enabled to conduct and carry on his business, as well, perhaps better than before.

N. B. Pity he was not suffered to go thro' (as he wished to do) all the operations of this wonderful mill.—

The grateful Farmer George rewarded the Doctor and people at the mill *most bountifully*.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER IX.

*Lord and Lady Fashion—A Philosopher and a
brace of Lawyers come to the mill—Curious
conversation pieces, &c.*

WELL-founded reports of the recovery of the great Farmer, Lothario, and sundry others, so filled the minds of the men on the other side the mill, that prodigious numbers came up to the meadow gate to reconnoitre its scite and situation, and so many opened and shut, and shut and opened it, that by order of the *Great Operator*, signified to the Rector, Doctor, and the rest at the mill, a porter was stationed there with orders to examine all those who asked admission, previously to their entering the meadow—One of the aforesaid young men was appointed to the important office, whose name was *Peter*; he took his station with a willing mind, and had the charge of the keys, for the gate had a double lock—Soon after he was fixed there, numbers of *thinking* people came, all of
K whom

whom were readily admitted, most of them were ground down, and returned with joy; others came only to gaze and to hear—Amongst whom were the following characters:

A Lord and a Lady of Fashion.

A Lord and Lady of fashion came lolling in their chariot and fix to the gate—a laced footman, finer than even his master, came galloping up before them, and ordered the said Peter to open the gate directly, for, says he, the carriage will be here in a moment—Pray, says Peter, whose carriage is it?—You blunt fellow you, says he, open the gate, 'tis the illustrious Lord and Lady Fashion's chariot—I'll wait till it comes up, says Peter—so he did—it was soon there—and his Lordship, more civil than his servant, requested the porter to open the gate, that he and his Lady might take a turn in the meadow, and view the mill; for, says his Lordship, we have heard much of the mill, and if the thing be fashionable it shall have our patronage.

Great Sir, says Peter, the fashion of the mill is truly *good*, but 'tis very *old*, and we seldom find people of fashion pass through it

it—However, he opened the gate, and the carriage entered the meadow—his Lordship and the Lady were drove up to the mill—but the Peer, having an engagement at the Taylor's to fit a laced levee suit, and her Ladyship at the milliner's, to pop on a French-fashioned cap, they declared upon their honours it was impossible at that time either to alight or stop, and therefore, the vehicle being turned round, they were drove out of the meadow; but, however, before they reached the gate, contemplation so far overtook them, that his Lordship said, he thought the mill a good contrivance for some sort of people, and my Lady added, it may be so for the meaner classes, but the situation (says she) is so low my Lord, and the meadow so moist, that I have caught my death here already, or, if I live, I shall not be able to see company this fortnight—Let the fellow drive home my Lord—I shake already, and am afraid, by the effects of this meadow (of contemplation) I shall soon be ill; pray, my Lord, let us get out of this bog, and if I should live to get home, I am resolved never to come again a grinding—Why it is a strange place, answered my Lord, I feel I know not

how myself—Drive on! John—So they returned—and the men of the mill saw them no more.

The next who entered was a hair-brained Philosopher—he came with a most profound and sagacious air—What is your name, Sir? (says he to the Porter)—Peter!—Oh, Peter, I have read in an old volume of a name-fake of yours, who wore a girdle about his loins, on which was suspended a brace of keys; but I believe no such fables; pray how old are you? Old enough to be better than I am, says Peter, but not old enough to think myself so worthy as the Peter you talk of—Ignorant fellow, says the Philosopher, I have made nature my study for at least these fifty years, philosophy, chemistry, and a hundred other curious arts are as easy to me as telling my fingers—you have got here a new nostrum of a mill, to delude the vulgar and impose upon the credulous, by making them believe, if they are ever so old, they may be ground young again—I am come not to *try*, but to *see* and examine the parts, and confute the
the

the whole process of your mill; and before I enter the meadow, if you'll tell me your age I'll disclose to you something more rare and singular than all the secrets of your famous machine.—Sir, says Peter, (with all your learning, I question if you *know yourself*, however) I shall be 57 years of age next July—Well then (says the man of philosophical experiments) you have passed through at least five revolutions—all your exterior parts are renewed without grinding, about once in ten years, or less, by nature—your head, hair, heart, loins, legs, feet, your every thing, are not the same they used to be—the old ones are evaporated, and new ones sprung up in their places—your head, you see, is half as big again as it was forty-seven years ago—you have lost your locks—they first were flaxen, next brown, and those now on your scalp are half of them whiteish; anon your head (when these fly off) will be covered with hollow tubes, as white as snow; your heart is vastly altered from what it was—worn down these last thirty years, by actions systole and diastole, taking in and pumping out the blood—assisting the stomach in boiling down the food and stewing what you
eat

eat till it becomes chyle, &c. forcing the red fluid of life, in which the soul (so called) lodges, through all the veins, &c. I say, by this continual labour it has sent away itself, and another, and another, in rotation, has successively taken up its place, so that your present heart is not yet ten years old—Your loins have been replaced with new ones five times over, and as to your hands and feet, why, they are no more the same hands and feet they used to be than your nails are the same nails—and you know yourself (don't ye) if you chip your (corns and) nails once a fortnight, they will be chipped away in the course of one year, one month, three weeks, six days, twenty-three hours, fifty-nine minutes, and forty-nine seconds, according to the accurate account or calculation of *Monf. de Ranta Tanta*, nail-cutter to the Grand Monarch; therefore, those under your gloves and stockings must be new ones, not a fortieth part so old as yourself—And so I argue, that you are not the same Peter you formerly was, five Peters at least have had your appearance—and in ten years more you will be such another kind of Peter, that he who sees you now will not know you (if he sees you then,
nor

nor will you be known exactly till you get round again.

And pray, Sir, says Peter, have I any immortal part about me?

Immortal! alas poor silly man (answered the Philosopher) if by immortal you mean the *soul*, I told you before it was lodged in the blood, and if the blood runs all out of the body, as Aristotle wisely observed, the soul will be left behind to *pick straws*; why, in one sense of the word, all things (as he affirms) even the world itself is immortal, that is, it will endure for ever—For by a lucky assemblage of combining atoms, drove by a chance wind in hotch potch together, this world was made, and so long as said winds blow (and they will blow for ever) the world will be sustained. As to the romantic stories you have heard of its being drowned by water heretofore, and of its being to be burnt by fire hereafter, they are arrant forgeries, delusions and cunning priest's cheats; for the truth is, *all things are material* (as Doctor Priestley avows)—Why, Peter, the world itself is made up of materials, some of them much like ore, or clay. The bodies of men, beasts, insects, and even vegetables are also made

made up of materials; and even your soul itself is as surely made up of matter, as the soles of your shoes are composed of a bark-impregnated Ox-hide—You are and must be immortal as well as I, and all others are; for we can prove by chemical demonstrable operations, and by (pounding) decompounding, or analysing bodies, that they are all made up, or constituted, of certain combined matters, that is to say, of earth, water, fire, oils, and certain salts, all which came from somewhere, and when, by unforeseen accidents or changes, they shall be separated again, they go somewhere—Nothing will be annihilated, for depend upon it, part of your body will return to earth, part to air, part to fire, part (perhaps the largest part) to water, part to oil, and part to salts or sulphur. As to your soul, as you call it, it is nothing at all but fiery, or phlogisticated air, which came from the original fire, and will return, when quenched (that is when you die, Peter) to the said original fountain of fire, and there remain, 'till by a lucky blow of fate's, or nature's bellows, your constituted parts will be re-united, and a thousand years hence you may stand again at
this

this gate, if it abides so long, exactly the same man you are now, Peter.

Well, says Peter, many are the errors of this age, but from your philosophical frenzies,

Good Lord Deliver us.

Go to the mill, you will find plain honest youths there, who will prove, to your shame, your notions are chimerical, and yourself the dupe of them.

A Lawyer, commonly called Mr. Sampson Smart, alias Quirks, the attorney, next came to the gate and demanded of Peter an opening; the porter, by his green bag and parchment scrolls, guessed his profession, and gently requested for what end he wished to enter—You, Sir, says he, none of your interrogatories, I am a Gentleman of his Majesty's Court of ————— and am continually supposed to be in Court, only in matters of infinite necessity I get leave of absence for eleven months in the year, or more, to scrape up, create, or get employment, and being often overwhelmed with business so much, that if I could be cut and split as often as a polype, every part would have double employment; I now haste
L here

here, almost out of breath, for I have twenty more engagements to day—I say, I hasted here to give notice, that the people of yonder place have instructed me to dispossess the crew who harbour on this notorious spot, and therefore I command you to ope the gate, that I may walk in the meadow, view the mill, and take my measures to bring an *ejectment*, in which, like all other fictions in law, I shall declare all I please, and prove all I can against your Rector, (Quack) Doctor, and all your fraternity; and in the end turn you out of possession, so that I may procure peace to the country, and vest the premises in the original right owners and their heirs—And mind this, you Mr. Porter, as this mill was erected in that meadow by you and others the conspirators, before you issued or sued out the ancient writ of *ad quod damnum*, I am as sure to carry the cause at the bar, as my clients are to keep their coats on their backs.

The moment Peter hesitated about opening the gate to Mr. Quirks, came from the mill up to said gate another lawyer, who had been ground there many years before, and who very frequently resorted to the mill,
and

and conversed with the people; his name (given him by his employers) was, Bartholomew Black-swan, he lived on accommodation squares, and was up to the chicanery of Quirks—Peter who knew him, with a low bow repeated the aforesaid conversation, and asked whether he should ope the gate to Quirks, or deny him entrance—My friend, Peter, says Black-swan, ope the gate, let him enter, it may do him good—but before he comes into the meadow, I'll speak to him—He did so, and the following conversation ensued between the two lawyers.

Quirk—Oh! the gate is opened, I see, to let you out, but, Mr. What d'ye call your name, Why not *let me in*, Sir?

Black-swan—You have so often let in others, Mr. Quirks, that I wonder you should ask to be let in yourself.—*Quirks*, Pray, Sir, who are you?—Why, Sir, I'll come to you on that side the gate, perhaps you will then remember that you have seen me before; Black-swan did so—Oh, Sir, cried Quirks, I am glad to see you, two of a trade don't always agree, but you and I will never differ again, and, therefore, I'll

be so open as to tell you—I have orders from my clients to bring ejectments against the people at the mill, and I was just now telling the Porter so—I am infinitely happy to meet you Mr. Black-swan on the very spot—and if you will assist me with your advice, here will be pretty pickings for us both, and if we get the cause (*inter nos*)—we will go snacks—you shall have one half of the profits, I the other; and, moreover, Sir, I shall hold myself obliged to you as long as I shall be able to support and practice *the glorious uncertainty of the law*—Mr. Quirks, replied Black-swan, I have been a lawyer, professionally, more than thirty years—I have sometimes undertook, as most lawyers do, matters I did not fully understand, nor is it perhaps possible for the most penetrating mind, assisted by the most retentive memory, to receive, digest, and infallibly determine upon all the innumerable, nice, and difficult points of law—Judges, themselves, frequently differ in opinion—and an omniscient lawyer, who understands the whole (though one lately dead was flatteringly so styled) is not to be met with under Heaven—But

—But we all know how to be *honest*, and to make doing by others as we wish to be done by, our *pole star*—A lawyer, of this cast, will always be supported; I have found it so in a greater degree than I ever merited; my leisure hours, which were not too many, admitted me to study the memoirs of the mill—I have gone through all the operations—I am now happy, and more convinced than ever, a quirking lawyer is an harpy, who sucks the very vitals of plaintiff, defendant, or both, the pest of society, or, in other words, a legal pick-pocket—I know you well—you are of that fable complexion, and therefore, I advise you, Sir, to drop this unjust and vexatious law suit, or if you dare to proceed, I shall espouse the honest cause of all the peaceable people at the mill—my duty, Sir, will compel me to defend them.

Quirks—My dear Mr. Black-swan, you seem to be in earnest, but you totally misunderstood me—I did not mean to proceed unless you would have assisted me (and why will you not?)—I say again, we might so *manage matters*, as to put some money into both

both our pockets, *whoever gets the cause*, but I see you are on the other side of the question—so I'll go to my clients—give them my bill, and (if I can) get the money—I will never oppose you Mr. Black-swan, I admire your character, and would follow it, but my master, with whom I was clerk, has a thousand times told me, *an honest lawyer cannot live*—Be that as it may, I drop the cause against the folks at the mill, and I am Mr. Black-swan, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant.

The Lawyers parted,

And we now part with this the 9th to begin the 10th Chapter.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER X.

An account of a remarkable quaker who came to the mill—an interesting contest between him and Hodge—other persons approaching, &c.

AFTER the departure of the lawyers, a decent dressed person approached the gate—there was a certain something so singular in his appearance that it seems worth while to describe his person—his dress—his conversation—and his behaviour.

As to his person, it was rather tall—his locks were grey, his forehead high and open, his eyes brilliant, nose aquiline, complexion fair, lips vivid, chin smooth, head small, and his face long; but his countenance was remarkably serious—commanding and respectful; from the shoulders downward he was well proportioned, symmetry seeming to set smiling on his person, his steps were grave, and all his movements graceful—His
dress

dress vied with that of a Prince in cleanliness and neatness, though not in embroidery or price—a large jetty broad-brimmed beaver covered his steady head, his neckcloth and linen were white as snow; his coat, waistcoat, and breeches were light drab, with a tinge, or hue of the olive; his stockings paired his garb; his shoes were plain black, and neatly tied with thong-leather; his gloves white, and his ivory-headed cane supported his right hand, in which he held his glove, whilst the left hand was concealed by its fellow, both gloves were formed of thin kid-skin—in short, he was what the folks without call a *Quaker*; when he came up to the gate, his conversation with Peter was as under:

Quaker—Peace be to thee friend—ope thy portal if thou pleasest, that I may enter and see the sons of peace at the mill.

Peter—I must examine those who wish to enter, therefore, though your appearance is truly venerable, yet I pray you to tell me who you are?

Quaker—I am a friend.

Peter—A friend, to whom?

Quaker

Quaker—To all the people upon earth, but especially to those who have gone through the inward works, and who faithfully abide at the mill.

Peter—Have you been at this mill before?

Quaker—I have, friend, and hope ever to be thankful—the mill ground me years ago; it is truth, I fell on a stone there and was broken, had that stone fallen upon me it would have ground me to powder—But I was made whole—I have ever since been led in the right way, and I remain (through favour) whole to this day; ope the portal, I pray thee, friend, that I may enter and see the Rector, the Doctor and all the friends at the mill—I wish to commune with them again before I depart from this tabernacle, and to leave at the place a token of gratitude to the Chief Operator there, that the dwellers on the spot hereafter may know, the works of the mill are not the works of vanity or folly.

Peter soon opened the gate—the Quaker walked up, and found a warm reception—the Rector, Doctor, young men, and all the people there (Hodge excepted) soon knew him, and they welcomed him. But it so

M happened

happened that Hodge stumping in soon after, the current of conversation was quickly turned, for Master Hodge rather abruptly began upon the Doctor thus—

Hodge—Look ye here, Master Doctor, I came to see you and the Rector to-day, and (observe ye) I have had some inkling of being ground myself, but (d'ye see) I always choose my company—I can pass through with those sort of people I like well and good, but if not, I shall e'en give up the matter (observe ye) for it runs in my noddle, that (as I told my wife Hannah) *under the rose*, you are all *Quakers*—I wish for the Gentleman's excuse, but pray master stranger let me ask you if you are not of a leathern family—I mean (d'ye mind) are you not a-kin to *George Fox*, who was a rank (and belike the first) Quaker?

Quaker—Friend I know thee not—and thy blunt language might give some offence did I not know how to put up with it—but I was taught at the mill that patience which hath been of much use to me, and may't be of some to thee, for I shall answer with that meekness thou canst not claim nor well expect; and if thou wilt hear,
I feel

I feel *an opening* to tell thee the things which belong to thy present and future *peace*.

Hodge—Hark'e, Master Stranger, we used to be quiet enough, and every one jog on his own way, 'till this here mill came in vogue, but since that (d'ye mind) our peace has been broken in upon by hurly burlies, mobs and outcries; you talk about peace, but, observe, I am constable of the parish, and have had much to do of late to restore the King's peace—But don't slide from the point, answer the question, are you not a relation of old Fox the Quaker?

Quaker—Not after the flesh, or family, as 'tis called, but I have been led by the same light, and have received the same *spirit*, and the same consolation, Friend George Fox did.

Hodge—Consolation, ay, ay, I have heard (observe ye) a great deal of prattle about consolation, and I have been hunting after it these thirty years—D'ye mind, stranger, I have wrought hard in my time, paid every man to a penny, brought up my family (a pretty large one) have never bilked my labourers who cut my corn and did my farm.

work—I have helped the poor as well as I could, and have paid the Parson's tithe too—but, after all, I never could catch that same consolation. And since this here mill has been set a grinding, we have had so much pother, and my mind (d'ye see) have been so puzzled and pestered, that I am farther off than ever; in short, my wife, boys and girls, who say they have been ground here, have a great deal unhinged and unsettled me—to be sure I have food, drink, and rayment; I can pay my rent too, but I want something, I know not what (observe ye) to give me consolation—Methinks, if this same mill was removed, and my ears no longer filled with grinding operations by my said wife, the Rector, Doctor, and fifty more of those sort of folks, I should come to my old centre again, and be satisfied.

Quaker—Friend, I believe thou hast sought consolation from thine honesty, usefulness, and *the things of this world*—Honesty and usefulness are good, so far as they go, but they do not go far enough, nor can they together yield thee *inward* consolation; turn the eye of thy mind, friend, to the *light within thee*, then shalt thou see clear, and be led in the way

way of *truth*. Moreover, thy heart shall be tendered by refreshings from on high—thou shall soon come out of Egyptian darkness, and walk in the true light of life—I will converse with thee, if thou pleasest, more at large on these good things, but observing thou makest it a part of thy boast that thou payest *titbes* to thy Parson, I must bear my testimony against that hireling practice, and declare unto thee, friend, thou sufferest by paying; yea, that it is unlawful to pay the tenth of thy increase, commonly called *titbes*.

Hodge—Hey day! what! I thought you had been a friend to our Rector at the mill (d'ye mind).

Quaker—So in verity and uprightness I am, I esteem the Rector and all at the mill so far as they esteem the truth, and when any errs, he is the best friend who bears his testimony against errors—Thy Rector, in some points, may err. His certain ceremonies at yonder steeple-house, and his taking *titbes*, seem to me to be errors, and, therefore, I bear my testimony (I tell thee) against such practices.

Hodge—

Hodge—Look ye here, as to the steeple-house, as you call it (observe ye) my father, grandfather, and all my family ('till some of them of late went a grinding) were staunch churchmen, so am I myself a churchman to the bone, though, to tell you the truth I seldom go there; but, however, on Sundays I read my book at home, smoke my pipe, drink a pot of stingo with Tom Trylands, the farmer, and consult what is best to be done the other six days of the week—I don't frequent tap-houses (observe ye)—I don't swear, nor, in the lewd way, did I ever go astray—All my children have been *christened*, and some of the first folks of the town (mind ye) were *godfathers* and *godmothers* to my boys and girls; few better christians could be found in the country than they were, 'till it came into their nappers to go to the mill a grinding—since when they chatter about happiness and I know not what, at so strange a rate, that I cannot augur what has betided them.

Quaker—Friend, thou sayest thou art a staunch churchman; I testify unto thee, the true church is not composed of bricks, mortar,

mortar, wood and lead, but of very different materials.

Hodge—True, (observe ye) you are right, our church is built with great stones, daubed over with clay, and covered with straw; as to the seats, the spars, and some of the seats, they are wooden enough (d'ye mind) and rotten enough too; for if you could eat after moths, maggots, and worms, you might crumble some of the wood-work into your dish of pottage.

Quaker—And, therefore, thou canst believe, that the church or steeple-house, can enter the kingdom of Heaven?

Hodge—No, it will soon (d'ye mind) tumble down to the earth, unless our town-folks could be forced to repair it, but, however (observe ye) 'tis up-hill work to get money out of pockets where none is got in; and our people say (especially my brother small farmers) they have enough to do to pay *high rents, heavy taxes, and large rates*, to maintain the poor; without building new, or repairing old churches; and, for my own part, I should not be troubled much, if the church was blown down, so that the steeple was left standing, and our fine peal of eight bells

bells left behind; I should not like to lose the *bells*, for I have often tugged a rope at a peal of *bob-majors*, and am vastly proud of ringing.

Quaker—Thy mind is carnal—thou canst not, or wilt not, understand me—I will therefore tell thee plainly, thou hast more humour than seriousness, and thou pretendest thou dost not, because thou wilt not understand me.

Hodge—Hark ye, Master Quaker, don't turn out queer, I did understand you in part, and I owned our parish church (observe ye) sooner than climb up to Heaven, would fall down to earth.

Quaker—But I testify unto thee, the steeple-house, built with bricks, mortar, wood, straw, and so forth, is not a church.

Hodge—What a'nt it a church? But I say (observe ye) it is a church, our true parish church; and so long as it stands it will and shall be a church—you will not swear I dare think, that it is a Quaker's meeting-house?

Quaker—Friend, I obey the command—
“Swear not at all”—But I wish thee to be serious—come to *inward stillness*, and thou may'st

may't be convinced, that the true church, is constituted of *living souls*, spiritualized through divine favour, and made meet (or making meet) to become living stones of that spiritual building (far grander than Solomon's Temple) of that building, that is called, "*God's House*," such stones are the true people at this mill.

Hodge—Observe ye, I am not a *free mason*, poor Hodge, knows no great matters about building, he knows something, however, about repairing, and he hopes that his Landlord will soon thatch his old barn, so that his corn may be kept dry; and as you were talking about *not paying tithes*, and saying it was unlawful to pay them, if you can put me in a way to with-hold them (d'ye mind) *honestly*, I'll run up a lean-to against my barn's gable, at my own costs, to lay my next year's crop of tithes in.

Quaker—Our friends in general look upon the payment of tithe as a matter of *suffering*, and therefore with-hold them from the hireling priests, though sometimes they are severely prosecuted and forced to yield to, or lose by *Proctors* and *Lawyers* (the Ministers of the *Spiritual Court* so called) more than

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the Priests themselves, in the first instance, would have demanded of them.

Hodge—Hark ye, Master Quaker, Hodge loves to be open, and will be open to you—When we had a Rector, an old, learned, lazy, musty bachelor, cloistered up in a College, who took no more care of our souls than *Pope Joan* does, but who took care, however, to peep at us once a year for the tithes, worth about 200*l.* and charitably allowed his poor bare-boned Curate, out of his gain, 25*l.* per annum, and surplice fees, for the cure of all our souls—I was wont to laugh at the Doctor and to pity his Curate—True it is (d'ye mind) my tithe at that time, let out and taken by a *grey-coated Parson*, to the last furrow, or sheaf, went from me unwillingly; but the Curate's fees I always paid cheerfully for marrying and burying all the poor when I was overseer; and for the most part I myself took the gownsmen home to partake of a family dinner—My son Robin is about to be married, and though, when his wife has children, it will cost *threepence per child* to christen them, that is to make them, as we say, children of God, and heirs of the kingdom of Heaven, yet, as matters are
like

like to go with us poor farmers, I hope my son will strive to pay the tax, without being sued for it; because *it must be a poor Heaven indeed that is not worth threepence*—But now we have got a Rector, an *honest man*, who lives amongst us (except when he goes to the mill a grinding, and then he is not far off) a man, who never exacts the *full tenth* of our crop or cattle, but takes from a *fair farmer*, almost what he likes to give, spends what he takes amongst his neighbours, for the modest and frugal support of his family, and gives the overplus to the relief of the *worthy poor*—I pay my tithe (d'ye mind) to *him* every year with pleasure—When I hired my farm (observe ye) I knew it was subject to tithes—had it been tithe free, I must have paid much more rent for it than I now do—my Landlord (observe ye) would have taken what my Rector now takes, and although I like my Landlord much, I respect my Rector more, and, therefore, as I hired my farm (observe ye) with my eyes open, and saw clear enough it was subject to tenths or tithes, were I to withhold them from our worthy Rector, I should think myself a *thief* and a *robber*.

Quaker—

Quaker—I esteem thy Rector perhaps more than thou dost, but tithe-taking is his bread—I could wish he would live and serve in the tabernacle freely—"freely thou hast received and freely give," said our Master.

Hodge—Pray Mister Quaker, have you not Parsons, or holders-forth amongst you?

Quaker—Yea.

Hodge—What have they for their preachments?

Quaker—Nothing, kindneſſes of the Society excepted, unleſs they travel. When our public friends travel, our private friends receive them, and for the ſake of their *living testimony*, they are provided with provinder, carriages, &c. and are borne free from place to place till their return—mean-time their families at home are employed in honeſt trades or callings to ſupport themſelves—if they be not able to do ſo, our friends are always ready to adminiſter to the induſtrious members, and make their ſituation tolerable, perhaps rather comfortable, 'till the head of the family has cleared himſelf of his *Testimony*, and having done his duty, returns home in peace.

Hodge—

Hodge—Hark ye! It comes all to a reckoning with the case of our Rector, he employs (observe ye) all his time in doing good, his dame spends hers in making shirts, shifts, caps, handkerchiefs, and other things for the poor. His two girls too knit stockings and give them away to stockingless children—The only fault the Rector has, is coming here a grinding—there he puzzles me, for he will have it (his own way) and say, with the Doctor and the rest at the mill, that a man can never be happy unless he be ground down, and pass through all the operations of this new-fangled mill—I know not what to think, there have been times when I thought of being ground myself, and I came here to day with the thought in my head, but meeting with you here, a *Quaker*, put me rather out of temper, and, d'ye mind, I think I must e'en give up the matter of grinding.

Quaker—I will plainly tell thee, friend, thou never canst be happy till ground young, but, look yonder, there are some people approaching the mill, one of them, by his black garb I suspect to be an hireling; if thou wilt walk with me into this meadow
(of

(of contemplation) thou wilt soon become thoughtful, and I feel a desire to have further communications with thee on serious subjects.

Hodge—Well, (observe ye) you seem civil, I will e'en walk with you.

Hodge and the friend walked into the meadow for farther conversation, where we'll leave them for a while, and close the 10th Chapter, in order that in

CHAPTER XI.

We may see who the several persons are that the friend perceived were approaching the mill.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XI.

Their characters explained, and they prove to be a Popish Priest—A Presbyterian—A Baptist—A Methodist Preacher—And a New Jerusalemite, with parcels of their respective flocks—The professors weighed—Some found wanting, &c.

THOSE who marched at the front were a Papist, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, a Methodist Preacher, and a disciple of Emanuel Swedenbourg, usually called a teacher of the church, stiled the New Jerusalem; each had a select number of disciples who followed their respective Pastors in the rear, and they all, with steady steps, came up to the mill, professing esteem and friendship for the people there, averring, they had every one of them passed through the operations, and signifying, that by long experience they had obtained the knowledge of several *improvements in grinding*, which they were free to communicate to all, but especially to any candidate for youth and happiness, who should casually

casually come, during their stay, to pass through the mill-works—The Rector, Doctor, young men, and all at the mill, received them cordially—and soon spread the table with wholesome refreshments, of which they all betook temperately (a few excepted) after which it was proposed to take a view of the works and wards; in passing the ward of *Trial*, some of the forwardest and most confident of each church or sect, seeing the scales, proposed to prove their ponderousness, and resolved to be weighed—others, more fearful and lowly, wished to weigh, but trembled as they came up to the scales.

The Rector gently stepped up to a nimble professor (who was *self-placed* in the scale; and who, finding it easily go down with him, exclaimed, see here, friends, here's a full down scale in me) and the said Rector putting the standard weights in the opposite scale, rather hastily, up flew the other scale, in which the professor was, and down fell the boaster; several others were weighed, and much the same lightness was found in them; the Doctor, therefore, turned their faces towards the left-hand wall, on which was written in sacred characters,

TEKEL

T E K E L,

(Which being translated, signifies)

“Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting.”

Whereas, several others of each sort, who reluctantly, and with fear entered the Ward of Trial and Scales of Truth, were weighed against Faith, Love, Hope, Patience, Purity, Charity, &c. &c. and were found, *not wanting*.

The light, lean, windy, air-bubbled pretenders, were advised to go through the operations of the mill, and begin with their first works; to wit, the Pedestal, or stool, and Ward of Oratory—Some said they were sure and certain they had been through the whole long since, that they were *good weight once*, and if once good weight, their *solids* could never *finally fall away*—that they supposed the Rector, or some of the people at the mill, had added to the standard weights to depress and deceive them, and, therefore, they would dissent from their mode of weighing, stand upon their present state, and defy all bigoted deceivers—The Rector advancing said to them, Conceited men, you deceive yourselves—you expect to attain the end with-

out the means; they grew offended, and went away railing—others resolved to go through all the works of the mill till they were ground right young, or to perish on the spot—they persevered, they did go through and became young like “little children.”

Our readers may remember we left the Quaker and Hodge walking in the meadow, it is time to say what was the substance and consequence of their well-timed conference.

When Hodge seriously consented to walk in the meadow with his new acquaintance the Quaker, he appeared at first to keep aloof, and directed his steps to the River of Reason, out of which he had drank large draughts of good water before—The Quaker had taken in as much of the same liquid, but, he also had been frequently to the *Rivulet*, which he carefully pointed out to his comrade—Hodge was prevailed upon to taste this superior water—he tasted and tasted again, at length he was so delighted with the spirit of that peculiar water, that he asked for and had a large draught thereof; so soon as he felt the salutary and speedy effects, and took another turn or two in the meadow of contemplation—he began to cry out, What is the
the

the matter with my eyes? I see things differently to what I ever did—I see, I have spent my time and labour chiefly in *vanity*. And I find now vexation of spirit—What have I been doing all these last 40 years? Why drudging after the world—labouring to get bread and support my family with the character of an *honest man*, but I never was an *happy man*; I now see I want to know others *much*—to know myself *more* and *most* of all, to know from whom I had my being—Good Quaker, forgive my softness—you see Hodge unhodge himself—I begin to like you, though at first onset I derided you, now I see clearly, you are a far better man than ever I was—the sight of my past pursuits and follies fright me—Hodge is grown old, and as (you see) almost crippled with labour—Hodge cannot be long in this world—he has been told of a world to come, but knows nothing about it—he has all religion to seek, except the name of it; what shall I do? where shall I fly?—I have heard of a place of torment (I now remember it) for them that *forget God*—I have too long forgot him—foreboding fears suggest I shall surely be lost; tell me, Quaker, tell me if you can,

whether it be possible for an old grey-headed God-forgetting sinner, to flee from the wrath to come?

Quaker—Friend, be still, thou art old in years, and perhaps not young in vanity, but there is hope concerning thee in Israel—thou mayest yet be both renewed and restored; only go through the inward works of this mill.

Hodge—Friendly stranger, is it possible? is it possible to restore one weakened and grown old as I am? can such things be? if they can be indeed, and if they really are, let us go to the mill, forthwith; I will go through any of the works, all the works; be any thing, or do any thing, so that at the end I may be what I wish and pant to be; so that I may become vigorous (or young) and happy—but who will direct me in the operations?

Quaker—Thou art already directed in a measure—let us, as you crave, go to the mill—the *Chief Operator*, whom thou hast not seen with carnal eyes, will direct thee—attend to his inward admonitions, and thou shalt be led into all truth—The serious sons of peace at the mill, who are instruments in the hands

hands of the Great Operator, will give thee all the assistance in their power; if thou wilt accept my feeble efforts in thy favour, I will attend thee, whilst thou art in the wards of Trial and Oratory; yea, I will keep there, and in the Silent Ward, till thou passest through the grinders, and comest out of the mill vigorous, and (as it were) young. Hodge thankfully accepted the Friend's assistance—they drew near the mill together—It happened that (Hannah) Hodge's wife, his daughter Audrey, and son Robert, (it being now near sun-set) were come to the mill—all the people there, the Rector, Doctor, young men, and others, to wit, the Papist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist and New Jerusalemite, seeing Hodge and the Quaker drawing nigh, came to the door to view and receive them; Mrs. Hodge, however, and her children kept behind, fearing Hodge, on seeing them there, would either grow humorous or angry—but on their nearer approach, seeing him with one hand leaning on the Quaker's arm, and hanging down his head, whilst with the other he held his handkerchief up to his face, Hannah could no longer lag behind, but fearing some accident

accident had happened to her husband, or that he had been taken ill, she exclaimed to her children, something ails your father! and instantly running to the mill door, (they quick behind her) with eager emotion she asked, My dear husband, what is the matter with you? are you not well?

No, no, Hannah, (says Hodge) I am far enough from well, poor Hodge may never be well again—I am wretched (dear wife) undone, I doubt, quite undone, but don't be vexed, I deserve all that has or can befall me—you my wife, and you my children, have done your duty, you are happy, I am miserable, and must be so I fear for ever—Here tears and sighs stopped the powers of speech—Hannah and the children as yet strangers to the cause of his grief, all fell into tears—The Quaker, who had lost hold of Hodge, for the wife and children now partly supported and clung round him, and had separated him from his former aid—The Quaker (I say) seriously exclaimed—Friends, be still, thy husband, thy father, may do well—His malady is not without in the flesh, but within in the spirit, the inward man—all will be peace, I trust, anon—but their
united

united cries, before they well understood the friend, brought all the assembly at the mill without the door—each enquired—each wondered—mean time, Hodge, leaning on his wife and children, got up the steps, entered the first room, and being faint, sat down softly on the pedestal, or stool, that (as was said before) stood there just at the entrance.

Here, he sent forth such a flood of tears, and vented such vehement exclamations against himself and his former course of life, that many at the mill thought it necessary to draw him off the pedestal, others thought it more proper to let him remain there a due season; the last advisers formed a clear majority, and amongst them were the Rector and Doctor, Hannah his wife, his son and daughter, the Methodist Preacher, &c.—The Quaker had, before this, retired first into the Oratorial Ward, then into the Silent Ward—Hodge at length cried aloud, give me something to comfort me or I must faint—The Rector fetched a little excellent wine, the Doctor flew to the medical chest, he brought a bottle of the very best sal volatile,

lative, and another of lavender drops, mixed with spirits peculiar to the place; Hannah had a sprig of myrrh about her; Robert a rose, and Audrey an apple, plucked off an apple tree amongst the trees of the wood; all brought them to the weeping farmer; he tasted of the wine, took some of the drops, received the sweet odour of the rose, tasted of the apple, and all, but especially the last, refreshed him—He became a little composed for the present, but soon feeling his sorrow afresh, he broke out again into deep lamentations—all the people at the mill were soon in profound consultation about him, all wished him well, and all strove to console him—the Catholic, or Popish Priest, first pushed himself forward, and addressed the company after the following Romish fashion:—

Catholic—Gentlemen, schism, as you will soon know, is a most dangerous and dreadful thing—you have an instance before your faces, in the unhappy person on the pedestal—to be out of the pale of the church is to be out of the way of salvation—This farmer (Hodge) owns he has “done the things he ought not to have done, and has left un-
done

done the things he ought to have done," there is no health in him (you all know or confess the same things, and yet you refuse to return and lean upon the bosom of our holy father, the Pope of Rome)—this farmer is bound by the chains and fetters of his sins, grown grey in error, and so sunk in sorrow, that all of you together cannot deliver him; your mill itself is of no use except so far as you have followed the Catholic model and manner of working—now, here am I, ready to help this man of woe, by the authority I have received from Saint Peter's successor, and by virtue of my sacred function, I have power to release him; only withdraw, leave the man to me, and if he will frankly confess and repeat a few Ave Marias and Pater Nosters, I will forgive him all that he hath done amiss, and stake my welfare against his that he shall be whole, and come off sounder and better than any one ever did, who have adopted your way of grinding.

Presbyterian—Father Friar, you have no more power to restore him, than you had to create him.

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All

All—Very true—very true.

Baptist—It may be of the utmost consequence to plunge him forthwith in yonder capacious bath.

Rector—He has not been immersed, but he was sprinkled when an infant.

Papist—The Bath do little good either to young or old, till the waters are mixed with holy spittle and salt.

Methodist—If these sorrows end rightly as I believe they will, he shall have peace and joy, such as none of us can give him.

The Quaker who before this came from the silent ward and joined them, said:

Quaker—Job, when surrounded with erroneous friends, dealt plainly with them, and affirmed, they were miserable comforters—Physicians of no value—such are some of you, let him alone, the guide that hath led him thus far, will conduct him through all the needful operations of the mill, and lead him to true peace.

Methodist Preacher—The worthy Friend is in the right—leave the farmer, let him alone.

Young Men, &c.—Let him read the records of the mill.

Papist—

Papist—They will not do—let him, by way of preface, read the Pope's bulls and traditions of the Holy Fathers.

Jerusalemite—Your records are of no great use, your mill of less; and your bulls and traditions of none at all—let him read the works of *Emmanuel Swedenbourg*, who has conversed not only with the inhabitants of the planetary and other worlds, but also with Angels and Heavenly spirits; reading those works will lead him to a walk in a delightful field, he will become as brisk as a youth of 25, and not only feel himself young and airy, but by the New Jerusalem lanthorn he will see through all your ways of darknes, and penetrate the regions of the after-world—he will see the streets of our New Jerusalem, see the houses and inhabitants of the future state, and, perhaps, get a glance at the very tenement he shall dwell in, and the lands he shall till and sow, if he turns out a farmer in that celestial country.

Rector—The records of our mill speak of an *Emmanuel* infinitely greater and more glorious than your German author—though he might be a well-meaning religious man—and they speak also of a future city, not built

upon airy imaginations, for that city hath foundations—I shall in due time advise my respected neighbour to search the sacred records, but, at present, I humbly conceive it will be best to remove the farmer, if he thinks proper, to the *Oratorial Ward*, and leave him there alone.—To this necessary movement, a universal consent was then given—but before Hodge arose, Robert, Hodge's son, (a brilliant youth) came forward, and thus addressed the whole assembly of pastors.

Fathers and reverend pastors—your opinions are as different as your garments, they are wide and various; your voices, in disputable points, form a sort of *Polyglot*; your languages being confounded, prove to demonstration, you have all, more or less, been at the Tower of Babel; but suffer me to ask, do you acknowledge, one and all, that when a man is become old or unhappy by omitting to do right, or doing wrong, he cannot afterwards be made young or happy unless he be ground or renewed?—the operations, or modes of grinding may differ, but do you unanimously agree, that all must pass through them, and be prepared for a place where perpetual

petual summer and perpetual youth are found, or that the long wished-for city cannot be entered?

One and all allowed it to be so, except the Catholic, who affirmed there is a purgatorial mill that lies between this place and that city, where, if people are not ground clean here, they may be ground in the hot mill, and dross-dressed there; and in due time, by the help of good Catholical petitions (and so forth) be admitted into the wished-for garner.

But that doctrine being over-ruled and borne down by all the rest, the Farmer, who had sat sorrowful, yet very attentive, and had heard the whole disputation, lifted up his head, he looked for his wife and children, for the Quaker and Methodist Preacher, for the young men at the mill, and for all he knew, and humbly requested, that he might not be farther troubled with vain janglings; if there is a way to vigour, said he, shew me that way, I am not a good walker now, if I was, I know of no other mill than this—here on this stool I have opened my mind, I have cloaked nothing, shew me the way, therefore, to what you call the Ward Oratorial.

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The Rector and Doctor took Hodge by his hands, they led him forward, his wife and children followed him, the Quaker would not leave him, the Methodist kept close to him, all the rest wished to attend him, and every one entered with him into the Oratorial Ward—Hodge felt a fervour soon as he entered the sacred place, he instantly became an orator; he spoke in a new style, and with such a peculiar fervour, as his wife or children had never heard before, in short, he lifted up his voice so loud, and spoke so long, that the Rector, fearing he should be exhausted, opened the *window* that fronted the Chief Mount—Hodge arose, and going to the casement for air, discovered, at a small distance, *a wonderful spectacle*, which astonished and comforted him, it was the appearance of *one* who bore a heavy load, a burthen which Hodge believed was his own; and when he saw him sink under it, rise again, and throw it like a millstone into the neighbouring sea (never to rise more) he exclaimed—That is my friend, my substitute, and my Saviour!

The watchful Rector instantly brought Hodge the records of the mill, and desired,

after

after taking some refreshment, he would look them over; Hodge replied, I am refreshed, please to leave me here by myself, I will peruse the records and see (for my eyes are better than they were) what these records contain—The Rector and the rest left him in the Ward of Oratory—Hodge began at the first leaf, and persevered, till he deliberately read through the whole—There he learned to know the glorious great *Father* who made all things—the most merciful *Son* of the Father (the same he saw bearing his burthen, who redeemed the sin-fold sons of men)—the *Chief Operator**, who leads and comforts all those who follow his directions—and there he saw the most inimitable drawings (not only of the mill itself and all its real works, but also) striking pictures of the creation of our world, the formation of man and his helpmate, their fall, their first promise from the Creator, their covering of skins made of the beast slain to cloath them, their banishment, their consequential toil and doom—“Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow;”—Ah, true, says Hodge, I

* The Holy Ghost.

have

have earned my bread so from a boy till now —“Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return”—(I know it, I know it, says he; but I have a part not made of dust, it will return to my father, I am his offspring). He read also the encrease and wickedness of the antediluvian world—the flood—Ay, ay, says he, we have turned upon my farm, far from the sea, fish bones, fishes shells, and other matters, all proofs of that flood—He read the story and saw the picture of the ark—a painting of Noah met his eye, ditto of his wife, of his family, the raven, the dove, and the rest of the ark on the mountain called Arrarat—he next viewed the encrease of the human species from eight persons, Noah’s defect, his son’s behaviour, Abraham’s call, his life, the promise made to him, his connexion by his wife, Sarah’s desire with Agar, her son, her and his banishment, Isaac’s birth, his marriage with Rebecca, their sons Jacob and Esau’s wonderful story, the history of Jacob’s sons, Joseph’s remarkable life, the treachery of his Brethren, his faithfulness and advancement in Egypt, the particulars of the Patriarchs, their several prophetical allotments, the captivity of Abraham’s

Abraham's seed; the birth, choice, and works of Moses; the wonderful plagues of Egypt, Pharaoh's obstinacy, the destruction of him and all his host in the Red Sea, Israel's most wonderful walk through the waters; the life and administration, the view from Pisgah, and death of Moses; the fall of the Israelites in the wilderness, the wars and victories of Joshua at the head of their children, the division of the Promised Land, the prophecies of the Prophets; the coming of the *Messiah*, his birth, life, doctrine, sufferings, death, resurrection, and ascension; the calling, lives, travels, and success of the Apostles; the rise and progress of the first (spiritual *mills* or) *churches*; the doctrine of *Christ* in the four gospels; the *wide gate* and broad road which terminate in a gulph of endless misery; the *straight gate* and narrow way, which lead to life eternal; the lives and works, the success and death of the Apostles; their sundry epistles to the ancient churches, and the wonderful revelations of St. John the Divine.

These things so instructed, encouraged and charmed Hodge, that he resolved to go
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through every operation, so that he might become *like a little child*, young again here; and be assured of the happiness hereafter, which all, who are truly ground down and renewed, will certainly receive.

He had no sooner declared his resolution, than certain people, who just arrived to take a view of the mill, and who, after seeing the works, affirmed, some of them were unnecessary, came into the ward where Hodge was, and after hearing his case, they protested *he was ground enough already*—for, said they, he has been on the stool (as we see) and have been made sorrowful, he will never, we hope, go the old ways again—and having seen the Mount, and Him who bore his load, throw it into the sea, he has no more to do but to cheer up, hold fast what he then believed, and conform to our *orders*, in which, if he walks as we shall direct him, by reading the records, coming constantly to the mill, resorting to the Oratorial Ward, and, at set times *supping* with the mill-men, there can be no doubt whatever, but he will be as young as the best of them.

The *Papist* encountered their assertions—he proclaimed aloud, that Hodge could never

ver become right again till he returned to the *mother church*.

The *Baptist* said, he would not be altogether what he ought to be till he was buried for a moment in the bath—This brought on a disputation, in which the Baptist had the better of the argument, though the sincere *Quaker* said truly, and the *Methodist* confirmed the saying, there was a *better way of washing the inner man*, which they hoped Hodge would inwardly attend to.

The Rector said, Hodge had been in the bath, or had been sprinkled with its waters many years ago.

The disciple of Swedenbourg warmly protested Hodge could never be young again till he joined the *Jerusalem Church*; for that all the rest were as wrong as their enemies could wish them to be—The Rector, Doctor, young men at the mill, the Methodist Preacher, and the friendly Quaker, all insisted upon it that Hodge was not sufficiently ground; and they all united to beseech him not to *fall short*, but to go through all the other needful works, till he felt himself young and vigorous—Hannah, Robert, and Audrey (his wife and children) earnestly entreated

entreated him to submit, and pass through, and they also brought the records of the mill to prove farther operations were necessary. What is rather singular, those at the mill formed (but no where else could they make) a clear *majority*—Hodge, who for a time, (till tired) was all attention, heard the arguments, and judged, as well as he could, of the merits of the debate; after a little pause spoke for himself—

Hear me, my good friends, I am the person chiefly interested in your consultations and debates—I have (in part) attended to what you have all said, *pro* and *con*, and I have called in, after my ears, my eyes, and my own experience, to distinguish what is truth—*Experience*, 'tis truly said, teaches knowledge—I have not much yet, but I have sufficient to let me know, though I have here received unspeakable benefit, I still want more—it is true, my eyes have been enlightened—I have sat on that stool, have opened my heart to him that knows it, I have looked out of yon window to the mount, and shall never (I hope) as long as I live forget Him I saw there, I feel too an hope I never knew before; but, after all
this

this, I think myself as yet neither perfectly clean nor sufficiently young—even whilst you have been disputing, I became so drowsy, that I slipped off my seat, and falling upon some of the dirt your feet brought into the room, I have sullied my coat, and dirtied my linen; *bring me a brush*, that if the dirt be dry it may be rubbed off, and I trust to take care not again to be *talked asleep*—I want more strength and better covering than at present I wear, and I will go through any thing, every thing that is ordered for such as me, but I will obtain them—let me go forward—friendly Rector and all friends point out the way in which I ought further to go.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XII.

Hodge consents to be ground—enters the mill and the works—is drawn aside by his old companions for a time—joins them to ring a peal of bob-majors—is alarmed—leaves off ringing and returns to the mill—is rightly ground, i. e. made new, and all ends happily.

HODGE was now conducted to the *Watch Ward*, which had for its top a lofty tower; he entered the ward alone, and found, for a time, peace there; but after a while, his peace, in part, was interrupted by Will. Witty, Farmer Favour-fields, Mr. Try-lands, and sundry others his old acquaintances, who missing their *Sunday* pipes and pots of stingo at Hodge's farm-house, and also hearing that the cause of the Farmer's discontinuance of such a good old custom was entirely to be imputed to his being at the mill, came in a body to the spot, and earnestly requested to see and speak to him.

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The Rector, Doctor, Methodist, Quaker, and people at the mill said, their friend, Mr. Hodge, was in a way of doing well; that he was placed in the *Watch Ward*, and most likely would not wish to admit company; but as they at length insisted upon speaking to him, they where shewn to the outside of the ward, where they bawled aloud—Master Hodge! good neighbour Hodge, where are you?—I am here, replied Hodge—Who are you? and what is your business with me?

Answer—Who are we?—why sure you know our voices, we are your old neighbours and close friends Will. Witty, Tom. Trylands, and Frank Favour-fields—we have all been at a loss about you these three weeks—we have lost the pleasure of spending our Sundays at your farm-house; and so we have agreed upon a Sunday club at our own houses, by turns—we are come to invite you to join us, and come away from the mill, or your brains will be turned, and you'll be ruined—meet us to-morrow, for it is Sunday, and a good day a good deed you know, beside we shan't neglect work; and we shall have at Mr. Witty's the best Virginia tobacco,

bacco, and some pots of good ale—more-over 'tis gunpowder treason, and we intend to raise the bells, and ring a round peal of merry *bab-majors*, but we cannot do without you, because 'tis you that always call the peal—we have another thing on foot too—the Lords of the Manors, and all our Landlords, are to meet the next day about *enclosing our commons, and building a work-house*; and, as they say, this will be vastly to our advantage, we wish you to join us in such profitable doings.

Hodge heard and felt all they said—and after a pause, he went up to the top of the Watch Ward tower, and addressed his former companions in the following manner:

Old companions or associates, I am at present otherways engaged, I have several operations yet to pass through before the good end I came for can be obtained—I want my strength to be renewed, and to experience something like the vigour of youth; but when those things happen, I shall not join you again in *Lord's-day frolicks*—no more Sunday flingo at my farm—as to a peal on the bells on a *working day*, why, ringing is (as they say) my *bobby-horse*—I feel an inclination

clination to call the bobs, but at present, I dare not venture—As to *enclosing the commons* and *building a workhouse*, I should neither meddle nor make, if the poor would not be hurt by them, but if I get strong enough I shall do my best to oppose *both* the measures—the poor have little left but common grass, common ling, furze, flags, and common liberty; and to cut up all these by the roots at two strokes, i. e. (*inclosures*, and a consequent *workhouse*) is a task that ought to make the boldest and most powerful adventurer shudder.

Companions—Well, neighbour Hodge, you shall do as you please if you will but make one of us; we will vote, and ring, and drink, and do every thing as you bid us, if you will but come—Now, as to the ringing bout, we'll put it off till Monday, if you promise to come and twirl the treble, only oblige us—Will you come?

Pray, says Hodge, go your ways, I wish you all well—but let me consider of the affair.

They withdrew, and left him to turn the matter over.

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He did so, and walked *out the Watch Ward*, unknown to any, to consider of this thing—Enclosing our commons, thought Hodge, and building a workhouse, will totally ruin our poor; as for ringing a peal for gunpowder treason, there can be but little harm in that; the consequence was, that on the fixed day, Hodge wandered from the mill—The Rector, Doctor, and all the people there who knew of his intended excursion, would fain have persuaded him not to venture, but, as they use *no force*, he prevailed, and said, he was going upon a good cause, and, therefore, could catch no harm—He did go, and by his strong arguments in favour of the poor, whom he insisted were already deprived of almost every privilege; by his affirming, if they were drove to desperation, by taking away commons and rearing up workhouses, alias prisons, they might in time (through repeated provocations) grow so untoward, as to oppose their opposers, and by sundry other efforts, the *enclosure and workhouse plans* were over-ruled by a great majority—that so elated him and those that voted on the same side the question, that he was easily prevailed upon

upon to go with them to the belfry to ring a peal of *bob-majors*; and, said they, if it was not the day next the gun-powder treason, we ought to raise the bells, and ring for joy, that the commons will remain, and that the workhouse scheme is laid aside; in short, Hodge went with them, took the treble, the bells were raised, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; they were twirled for a time merrily round, but serious thoughts began so to work on Hodge's mind, that soon after the changes began, when it became his duty to call the peal, he was so harrassed and absent, that he began to blunder, and before bobbing time, called out to the opposite ringer who pulled the tenor, and whose name was Robert Roper—Bob! Bob!—You are wrong said Robert—I think the steeple cracks, cried Hodge—Bob! Bob!—Confusion soon ensued, every man, but Hodge, stayed his bell, though irregularly; but Hodge could not set up the treble on her stays—he let the rope go, therefore, and the report of ting! ting!—ting! ting!—ting! ting!—ting! ting!—ting! till she ceased, caused the inhabitants of the town to surmise (the clappers beating out of course) that the ropes had

broke, or that some misfortune had happened to the ringers—Poor Hodge, however, after a short and broken apology, saying he dare ring no more, put on his coat, wished them well, and sneaked away to the mill again, sad and sorrowful.

On his return, he was readily received, he frankly told them how he fared, ran hastily into the *Oratorial Ward*, and began to cry out bitterly; being, however, soon calmed, he resolved afresh to go through all the works, was removed to the *Fasting Ward*, there he continued from morning till near evening, before he took outward refreshment; after a small repast, the main wheel being then in full motion, as the water was plentiful, Hodge, unasked, descended into the hopper, but being soon laid hold of by the grinders, most vehemently whirled over and over, and hard pressed between them, he began to be alarmed—fear seized him, that he should never get through, but perish—the more so, as in that state of violent agitation he could scarce see light; the fear of destruction, and the hope of deliverance, never before appeared so conspicuous; at length his hope was crowned—he dropped down to
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the spout, and came out whole; but his old garments were ground away, he was nearly naked, and thought within himself, as he afterwards affirmed, he felt the grinding powers *within-side*, as well as *without*; the people at the mill, ever watchful, rejoiced at the operations—clean linen were soon pointed out, decent under-garments appeared, and an *outward robe* to go over all was given him, such as few will wear—Hodge looked at himself, walked like a little child—anon he leaped, skipped, and proclaimed, “*if ever an old man was ground young, I am.*” He then was led to the Rivulet and drank more of its sweet streams—he was shewn to the Ward of Trial, a very warm ward; Hodge at one time began to fear the fire would consume him, but an unseen hand placed a mill-*screen*, between the flame and him, so that he sweetly enjoyed the shade, till he passed and was put into the *scale*—wherein being fairly poised as usual, all the spectators pronounced he was *full weight*—Hodge then embraced them, gave thanks to the *Chief Operator* afresh, returned to his family in peace, and from that day to this, they have lived together in that harmony and happiness

happiness that none can possibly experience but such as are ground young.

No one rejoiced more at Hodge's conversion than the Methodist Preacher and the pious *Quaker*; at the Quaker's departure he shook Hodge heartily by the hand, saying, keep close to the inward guidance, and good things thou hast received.

The worthy Friend next addressed himself to all the people at the mill, especially to the Methodist, who had gained his highest esteem, saying, Friends, I find that I must soon leave you all; I came here, not only to see you again face to face and commune with you, but also to leave behind a token of love for the sake of the *Chief Operator*, and to you; he then pulled out from his bosom, and gave into the hands of the Rector, Doctor, and Methodist, a large parchment (sealed) scroll, in which he had made over, for the benefit of the people at the mill, a tract of fertile land lying not far off—the rest of his patrimony he bequeathed to his nearest kindred; and after a sincere and hearty farewell, he left them, and soon after departed this life in peace and in a good old age, leaving behind him an irreproachable character,

racter and many weeping friends ; amongst them were numerous poor, to whom in his life time he was a constant and bountiful benefactor—all to this day bewail his loss.

The good *Quaker* died a widower, but he left behind him two children ; he had many years before well provided for the eldest, and therefore left him no more than his blessing, and a token of parental love—After several specific legacies to the poor, he left the residue of fortune to his youngest son—But soon after his remains were entombed (by his own desire, under the flag of a spot, walled round for the like purpose, being part of the land he had left to the mill) *Mr. Quirks*, the lawyer, hearing what he made over to the mill, posted away (his Clerk *Trimmer*, with a paper bag at his heels) to his eldest son, and thus addressed him.

Quirks—Good morrow, worthy Sir, I have broke through ten engagements of consequence to attend you to day—I have business of the utmost importance, and joyful news indeed to tell you.

Son—What news, Mr. *Quirks*?

Quirks—News that will tickle your very heart-strings, Sir ; why I shall give you to know,

know, Sir, that your father who is dead, has left you only a trifle—your youngest brother has got what the testator chose to spare; but he has left to the paltry people at yonder mill, a large parcel of land, contrary to the custom of the country; and, therefore, I am very confident (I am sure on't) that I can take away the said land from them, and get it for you—I have now *another* laudable *cause* in hand exactly in point, and am sure and certain I shall recover in the same way a considerable funded property in the course of a few days.

Son—Your application is so unexpected, Sir, I am not perfectly prepared to answer you—but pray will not the matter, if litigated, be attended with considerable expence?

Quirks—Oh, Sir, as to that, why, it may, to be sure, cost a trifle, but don't let the *costs* fright you; I am so confident of success, that if you please (to use a phrase I often use) I will go snacks with you, win or lose; if we win, as we certainly shall, give me one-half, take you the other; mean time I have to beg the loan of a few pounds to pay my agent, and so forth.

Son—

Son—Well, but hear me, Mr. Quirks, pray was the land my father's sole property?

Quirks—My dear Sir, no doubt in the world but it was—I can prove whom he bought it of; my Clerk here, Mr. *Trimmer*, has in my bag a copy of the conveyance sixty years ago, from Francis Fullpaid, Esq. to your late deceased father and his heirs, in fee simple.

Son—Well, but will it be *honest* think you to wrest it from the mill?

Quirks—Honest! aye, Sir, perfectly honest, indisputably honest; for whatsoever is the custom of the country, of course must be honest.

Son—Hem!—it is not the custom of the country to banish *all Quirks* from their native land—suppose it was, (as it has been the custom in some countries to banish other professional people) should you like it?

Quirks—Dear Sir, your breeding is too good to suffer you to insult me—I waited upon you to do you a kindness—if we differ in opinion, and you do not chuse to give me the job, why then, Sir, I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

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Son—

Son—Good bye to you, Mr. Quirks.

They parted—The son sent for Mr. *Blackswan*, who soon came, and between them two the following conversation took place:

Son—Mr. *Blackswan*, I have had a Gentleman of the Law, one Mr. *Quirks*, with me, who wished me to employ him in a customary piece of business; however, I sent for you, because I rather chuse that you should be concerned as my Attorney.

Blackswan—What may the nature of the business be, Sir?

Son—You know my father left a parcel of land to the people at the mill—now, *Quirks* affirms, by the custom of the country, it may be taken away from them, and recovered for me, as I am my father's eldest son and heir at law; and if I must have it, I will not have it till you sue for and recover it for me.

Blackswan—Then, Sir, you will never have it at all, for I will not be concerned in such sort of business.

Son—I shall pay you, Sir, for what you shall do, and I thought it was lawyer's business

finess to do what their clients desired of them.

Blackswan—No, no, not if their desires do not accord with conscience—We are *free agents*, not *bond slaves*—I will not take this in hand, partly for the sake of the mill and partly for your sake; for if you could get it (and *the event is hazardous*) if you could grasp it, *contrary to your father's dying donation*, it may perhaps breed a *moth* to eat up all you had before.

Son—Sir, I say, I will have you my Attorney in this cause, and you shall do the business too—but suffer me to explain myself, for the business is this; if there be any custom in the country to ravish from the mill-people, what my father gave them; go tell them, *though I was never ground myself*, my *honour* will not suffer me to take or to touch it; go, Mr. Blackswan, and quickly prepare at my expence an instrument to release all my real or supposed right in this parcel of land, and let them enjoy it freely for ever.

Blackswan—Honest Sir, that I'll do with all my heart, nor will I charge a groat for

doing it. He did draw and engross the ratification and confirmation of the Quaker's gift to the mill, the son nobly executed it, and thus the matter was pleasingly settled.

The other *case in point*, about seven years after, was concluded; when lo! the client of Mr. *Quirks*, found the professional bills so numerous and *large*, and the remainder to him so *small*, that he spurned at the trifling surplus, and with a disdainful brow, told *Quirks*—You pettyfogging fellow, did not you at first onset assure me, you should most certainly recover the whole for me?

Aye, Aye, says *Quirks*, I did, and so I most surely should have done, had it not been for *the glorious uncertainty of the Law*—

However, Sir, says he, you have got (in part) your mind, have you not?

No, wretch, replied the Client, nor never shall, till I shake off the demerits of this foul matter, and see you struck off the roll, or peep through the pillory.

From thenceforth, the Rector, Doctor, Methodist Preacher, Hodge, and the people
on

on the spot, continued in peace—Many were ground effectually, numbers came continually to the place—public prejudices subsided, and others, that never came there, hearing of the salutary effects of grinding, at this period, join the Editor to say

SUCCESS to the MILL.

F I N I S.

February 25, 1791.

